The Nation.

February

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE NJ 07019
ART ACQUISITIONS
PERIODICALS
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
TN FEB 1991 1 01
#USA3/////C1891#8 0061
#8Ph1 *********** 3-DIGIT 070

EDITORIAL

MANDELA'S VISION

If South Africa is about to follow Eastern Europe's lead in choosing democracy over tyranny, it is largely due to popular struggle—and Nelson Mandela. In a brilliantly lucid document written a year ago but published only last month, Mandela gave himself the "limited" role of bringing the government and the African National Congress to the negotiating table. And, quietly, over the past year, he has been playing this role: The document was delivered to then-President P.W. Botha and was also smuggled to the A.N.C. in Lusaka, Zambia.

President Botha responded by meeting with Mandela to explore how negotiations could be commenced, and it was at this meeting that Mandela doggedly called for the release of Walter Sisulu. Sisulu and seven other senior political prisoners were released last October. Meanwhile, Mandela's document was used by the A.N.C. to help draft the Harare Declaration, which was adopted by the Organization of African Unity and states the A.N.C.'s position on a negotiated settlement. Mandela has now expanded the initial document into a point-by-point peace plan, presented to President F.W. de Klerk last year and reportedly submitted to an A.N.C. conference in Lusaka two weeks ago.

Even in captivity, Mandela has proved his exceptional statesmanship. He has persuaded both sides to acknowledge the desirability of a peaceful settlement, and while remaining firmly and uncompromisingly within the liberation movement, he has set himself up as the only possible conduit between the government and the A.N.C. For this reason alone, the announcement of his release is not enough. It is in everyone's interest that he continue to play the role he has assigned himself. He has offered his services, not to one side or the other, but to the future of South Africa. Will President de Klerk accept this offer?

LEWIS MUMFORD
Kirkpatrick Sale

TOXIC PAINT JOB
Marguerite Holloway

OUR MAN CEAUSESCU
Patrick Barnard

WHITE HOUSE DIARY
Douglas McGrath

MENCKEN'S PREJUDICES
Richard Lingeman

DORFMAN'S CHILDREN
Michael Ugarte

BARRY AND HIS CITY

CRACK IN THE WASHINGTON CULTURE

JEFFERSON MORLEY

On the day that the Federal Bureau of Investigation stung Marion Barry in a Washington hotel room, Keith Jackson was convicted of three counts of selling crack cocaine. Jackson was the young black man lured to Lafayette Park across from the White House one day last summer by agents of the executive branch. On September 5, 1989, President Bush delivered a nationally televised speech declaring war on drugs and held up a bag of crack allegedly bought from Jackson. Jackson was found not guilty on the Lafayette Park charge, but the President got his public relations score nonetheless—and Jackson went to prison, where he will remain with no possibility of parole until the year 2001.

The arrest of Barry, Washington's Mayor for the past eleven years, can be seen as part of the state-sponsored theatrical roadshow known as The War on Drugs. Act I was Bush holding up crack and condemning Jackson. Act II was Bush chasing down Manuel Noriega in Panama. Act III was U.S. Attorney Jay Stephens corralling Mayor Barry with the help of one of the Mayor's old flames. The dramatic theme that runs through this play is strikingly consistent: Keith Jackson, Manuel Noriega and Marion Barry, whatever their transgressions, are all dark-skinned symbols of "the enemy" in the war on drugs.

But the Barry affair also goes beyond a mere act in the drug-war melodrama. The Mayor's personal problem—substance abuse—is at the intersection of three larger issues in Washington and the United States: the so-called crisis of the black male, the

(*Continued on Page 236*)

08585 08
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

MOTHER COURAGE

Berkeley, Calif.

I appreciate Dr. Frank Oski's warnings of an impending new infant formula advertising campaign ["Heating Up the Bottle Battle," Dec. 4, 1989], and I agree with the president of the American Academy of Pediatrics that "whether or not a woman chooses to breast-feed should not be influenced by expensive advertising campaigns." Nevertheless, I found myself strangely irritated by the fact that Dr. Oski's account of the infant formula issue omits the most important parts of the picture. I can't help thinking that no woman who had nursed a baby would have written such an article.

Dr. Oski noted that nearly 60 percent of all mothers in the United States initially breast-feed their babies but that less than 20 percent nurse for as long as six months, "even though it is beneficial to do so for at least that long." His article fails to suggest that any reason other than gullibility and vulnerability to the blandishments of the bad corporations would keep these foolish women from doing the best thing for their babies.

Nowhere in the article did Dr. Oski mention that most American women work outside the home. The United States is one of the few industrialized countries that do not offer some kind of paid childbearing leave. This situation forces most women back to work for economic reasons sooner than they would choose. Very few mothers have infant care near their work that would enable them to nurse their babies during the day. Most employers have little interest in permitting mothers to nurse at work.

True, if you are really dedicated, you can pump milk during the day, refrigerate or freeze it and take it home for the caregiver to feed. This is possible if you are fortunate enough to have the kind of job that allows you occasional privacy. Even so, the process is awkward, messy and often embarrassing. Portable breast pumps are of uneven quality and effectiveness. The efficient hospital kind is expensive to rent and about as subtle as keeping a tractor at work with you.

Finally, full-time nursing is physically exhausting—particularly when one is working full time and is perhaps up at night with the baby. Given all these obstacles, and the absence of social supports or legal protections for nursing mothers, it is no wonder that few American women stay with it for as long as six months. *Eleanore Lee*

FORMULA ETHICS

Columbus, Ohio

Dr. Frank Oski quotes me as saying, "Are we, Ross Laboratories, following an outmoded, 'tilting at windmills' philosophy by not joining the fray and abandoning the doctor for the 30-second TV spot?" The rhetorical question, extracted from a mailgram to all pediatricians, was the *third* in a series of communications during 1989 in which we repeated and reaffirmed our longstanding conviction that infant formulas should *not* be advertised directly to consumers.

In response to that mailgram, we received over 11,000 positive responses (97.3 percent of all persons responding) endorsing our ethical marketing policy, a policy we share with the American Academy of Pediatricians, the American Medical Association, the American Academy of Family Physicians, the American Dietetic Association, the National Association of Pediatric Associates and Practitioners, The Federation of Pediatric Organizations and others.

Richard W. Gast, President
Ross Laboratories

OSKI REPLIES

Baltimore

I regret that Eleanore Lee is irritated by the fact that I did not deal with the reasons so few women breast-feed for as long as six months after the birth of their infant, but that was not the purpose of the article. While I am sympathetic with the plight of the working woman who wishes to breast-feed, Lee should be aware of the sobering fact that as late as 1970, when less than 50 percent of women were in the work force, less than 10 percent of women chose to breast-feed their babies for as long as six months. Sadly, many women do not feel as strongly as Lee does about the benefits of breast-feeding, and as a result the support systems that should be in place in our society to make this an easily achievable goal are not high on the agenda of most women's groups.

As to Richard Gast, does it really matter that he asked his rhetorical question in his third mailing instead of the first, second or fourth? I sincerely wish him good luck with his stated commitment to avoid public advertising. *Frank A. Oski, M.D.*

IMMUNE SYSTEM

Pittsburgh

With reference to Martin Garbus's article, "The F.B.I. Man Who Cried Libel" [Nov. 13, 1989], I wish to raise issue with his deploring the Supreme Court's refusal to review a $2 million award against the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*. I was the attorney for the plaintiff in that case (as well as being an avid reader of *The Nation*). First, the award was not $2 million; it was $2,200,000. Second, this was not a case involving a matter of great public concern. Rather, it involved the alleged conduct of a state court judge which took place prior to the time that he went on the bench. It therefore differs greatly from cases such as *Price* involving alleged serious misconduct by public officials (in *Price*, an F.B.I. agent) at a time when they were performing their official duties.

Third, the *Post-Gazette* was hit with a verdict because high-ranking editorial officials decided to rewrite the first draft of a rather innocuous article in order to make it look as if the judge were involved in a meretricious relationship, something which was totally false and which the editorial personnel had good reason to know was false.

Giving absolute immunity to the media, as persons like Garbus desire, would be as illogical as it would be to overrule *New York Times v. Sullivan*. Absolute immunity would mean that no public officials nor public figures would be safe from unwarranted attacks on their character or reputation. I suggest to you that there is a certain element of the media that believes that all public officials are corrupt until proved otherwise. This element should not be given total license. *Daniel M. Berger*

GARBUS REPLIES

New York City

My article focused on my objections to the wrongful nature of punitive damages in libel cases and their chilling effect. The amount of punitive damages the jury awarded Richard DiSalle, Daniel Berger's client, was $2 million. The remainder of the award, $210,000 for compensatory damages, was not what I objected to. I am not opposed to private citizens getting out-of-pocket damages for libel.

The dissenting judge in the DiSalle case, Judge Montgomery, talking about the $2 million award, said, "This award, in my view, shocks the conscience, and should not be affirmed." He wanted a retrial, saying there were "no limits or structure" to guide the jury and that they were free to be motivated by whatever passion they had against the media. That is exactly what I said.

I have never suggested that the media in every instance should be immune from all libel suits. Neither Justices Hugo Black nor William Douglas ever suggested that, and my view is fundamentally theirs. I am totally against punitive damage awards going to public officials for stories about their personal conduct, irrespective of whether the stories relate to incidents before or after they become public officials. The state judge is no less a public official than an F.B.I. agent, and what he did before he took the bench, contrary to Berger's view, is a matter of great public concern that implicates First Amendment values. The press, in writing about those issues, should have greater protection than it does.

On January 8 the Supreme Court issued its final order in the *Price* case denying Price the right to set aside the dismissal of his $25 million suit. *Price* is now over. It will have a great impact on the Janklow case, another case arising out of the Matthiessen book to be argued in February. It now appears likely that, by the end of this year, six years of litigation against the publisher and author will end and the press's rights will have been considerably expanded. *Martin Garbus*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 250, Number 7

LETTERS
222

EDITORIALS
221 Mandela's Vision
223 Troubled Skies
224 Lewis Mumford *Kirkpatrick Sale*
225 Arms and Panama *Phillip Berryman*

COLUMNS
226 Minority Report *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
221 Barry and His City: Crack in the Washington Culture *Jefferson Morley*
227 Toxic Paint Job: How Mercury Slid by the E.P.A. *Marguerite Holloway*
230 Romania and the West: Remembering Our Man Ceausescu *Patrick Barnard*
232 White House Diary: Prez Is on a Boldness Roll *Douglas McGrath*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
242 Fecher, ed.: The Diary of H.L. Mencken *Richard Lingeman*
244 Looking Up (poem) *W.S. Merwin*
245 Dorfman: My House Is on Fire *Michael Ugarte*
247 Music *Gene Santoro*
249 Theater *Thomas M. Disch*
252 Film Notes *Stuart Klawans*

Illustrations by D.B. Johnson

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Anne-Marie Otey; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Jody Berger (Washington), Laura Brownstone, Gideon Forman, Christopher Johnson, Peter Rothberg, Mark Schimmoeller, Deborah Schwartz, Laurie Stuhlbarg.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington*, Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Advertising Sales Representative*, Caerthan Banks; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper*, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Circulation Coordinator*, Jacqueline Lucas; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates: Director*, Sandra Zickefoose, *Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer; *InterNation*, Chris Calhoun.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1990 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. This issue went to press on February 1.

EDITORIALS.

Troubled Skies

Since an Avianca airliner crashed on Long Island on January 26 after running out of fuel—something that is never supposed to happen—debate has swirled over who's to blame. Why wasn't the pilot screaming "Emergency!"—were the fuel gauges faulty, leading the crew to think they had more fuel than was in the tanks? Did air controllers' failure to relay the pilot's repeated message that he was low on fuel prevent him from being given priority over other planes that were circling above Kennedy Airport?

Finally, were controllers less alert to trouble than they should have been because of a frequent practice by pilots, tired after long intercontinental flights, of announcing they are low on fuel to get to the head of the line? Did this create a boy-who-cried-wolf situation?

After the National Transportation Safety Board completes its investigation, the question of who or what caused the Avianca crash will most likely be answered. But this particular tragedy also raises larger questions about the effects of Reagan-era policies on airline safety. These issues are part of a mounting concern about safety that causes even seasoned travelers to worry a little bit more every time they book a flight. In the last few months alone, three planes—all on different airlines—have lost engines and had to make emergency landings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After deregulation took off and Ronald Reagan broke the air traffic controllers strike, airlines moved full speed to expand, at the same time cutting corners to increase profits, pay for new equipment and terminals, and retire their mounting debt (increased further by the takeovers of the late 1980s). Despite the cuts in maintenance, training and staff, airlines claim they are merely trimming the fat and that union cries about safety are covers for the fight against pay cuts.

For its part, the Federal Aviation Administration, the watchdog agency mandated to keep the airlines safe, has always been more enthusiastic about its second mandate—to promote the industry. Numerous Congressional and outside investigations have highlighted the agency's serious conflict of interest and its miserable record on enforcement. Critics also note that former F.A.A. employees are regularly hired for top-level, high-paying jobs with the airlines.

So the questions this latest tragedy should spark are, first, How reliable is the equipment on the aging fleets? The F.A.A. ordered some cursory inspections of the older craft, but, says one Pan Am inspector, "These were a joke." In the Avianca case, the cockpit's black box (crucial to determining the cause of a crash) was so old that investigators say its contents are nearly worthless.

Second, with roughly 3,300 fewer experienced air traffic controllers than before the Patco strike, why has the F.A.A. allowed the airlines to add so many new flights, which now routinely circle the New York City area for almost an hour before landing? What risk of midair collisions does such congestion pose? Without such delays, weary pilots would not be so tempted to announce fuel shortages to jump the queue.

In 1989, the General Accounting Office released an alarming report, based on questionnaires completed by more than 5,000 controllers and their supervisors and managers. Here are some of the findings: Very high percentages of both controllers and supervisors (85 percent and 77 percent, respectively) worry there are far too few experienced controllers; a somewhat lower percentage say they work too long without a break during peak periods and that morale is low. More than half think critical areas of training are inadequate, and the areas that worry them the most are training in controlling traffic in bad weather, emergency procedures and holding patterns. Both groups agree that the large amount of air traffic "hinders their ability to maintain the system's safety."

The report notes that the F.A.A. promised to take steps to correct deficiencies reported in 1985, but by 1989 most controllers believed that little had changed. Until the F.A.A. takes action, or airline passengers apply enough pressure to force some action, flying will be, as the Pan Am inspector observed, "a roll of the dice."

MYLES HORTON

Myles Horton, who died at the age of 84 on January 19, founded and devoted his life to the Highlander Folk School, an experimental academy for working people and activists. Highlander had a seminal influence on the labor movement of the 1930s and the civil rights movement of the 1960s. The following is an excerpt from Horton's autobiography (written in collaboration with Herbert Kohl and Judith Kohl), to be published by Doubleday in April.

"I don't think you help people by keeping them enslaved to something that is less than they are capable of doing and believing. I was told one time during an educational conference that I was cruel because I made people who were very happy and contented unhappy, and that it was wrong to upset people and stretch their imaginations and minds and to challenge them to the place where they got themselves into trouble, became maladjusted and so on. My position was that I believed in changing society by first changing individuals so that they could then struggle to bring about social changes. There's a lot of pain in it, and a lot of violence, and conflict, and that is just part of the price you pay. I realized that was part of growth—and growth is painful. A plant comes through the hard ground, and it breaks the seed apart. And then it dies to live again.

"I think that people aren't fully free until they're in a struggle for justice. And that means for everyone. It's a struggle of such importance that they are willing, if necessary, to die for it. I think that's what you have to do before you're really free. Then you've got something to live for. You don't want to die, because you've got so much you want to do. This struggle is so important that it gives a meaning to life. Now that sounds like a contradiction, but I encourage people to push limits, to try to take that step, because that's when they are really free. I saw this happen during the time of the sit-ins and the formation of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee."

Lewis Mumford

How awful it must be to produce the most trenchant and farsighted philosophy of your age and have the society you seek to change ignore your wisdom or, even worse, misread it as something far tamer and simpler than you intended. Such was the fate of Lewis Mumford, who died last month at the age of 94, and it is little wonder that at the end of his long and distinguished career he turned a bit bitter and increasingly pessimistic. As he told me a decade ago, "If anything can arrest the total disintegration of world civilization today it will come through a miracle: the recovery of 'the human scale.'"

I think ages to come will see Mumford as the wisest American critic of the twentieth century, whose works more clearly than any other's comprehended the tragedy and peril of industrial society. Yet he has been so dreadfully misunderstood by his contemporaries that those who know of him at all are likely to know only a small part of his philosophy, and that little, imperfectly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For example, Donald Miller in his recent biography of Mumford seems to believe that he was a perceptive critic of architecture and urban planning whose later work descended into irrelevant social criticism and meanspirited denunciations of Western civilization. Yet it was this later work, beginning with *The Condition of Man* in 1944 and running through his monumental *Myth of the Machine* in 1967-70, that contains the true spirit of Mumfordism and what he himself regarded as his most important contribution. That work did indeed excoriate Western society, lay bare its megatechnic obsessions and devotion to collective power, and call into question some of the basic assumptions of our modern world, but it cannot be dismissed simply because its message is so painful and disconcerting.

Then there are those who seem to regard Mumford simply as a Luddite, opposed to all technology and plotting a course back to the Stone Age; or simply as a lover of the pagan, opposed to all cities and the urban experience and plotting a course back to peasant drudgery. Those were, and are, fashionable ways to dismiss him, but they miss the mark completely. Far from being a Luddite, Mumford spoke of the virtues of "polytechnics," the variety of skills and technologies devised by free people and independent communities not in service to some state or empire that dictates the means, as well as the ends, of its megamachines. Far from being antiurban, he was the most sympathetic of city watchers—as both his autobiography and his classic work *The City in History* demonstrate—who wanted only to be sure that the virtues of the small city, in scale, homogeneity and communality, were not lost in the crushing imperviousness of the metropolis.

Well, it is no doubt true that most great, and pertinent, philosophers are rejected in their own time, and however disappointed, Mumford could take pride in the fact that his thought is embedded in more than a dozen serious and sustained works that will last. He could take pride, too, that there were many out there who did understand him, who did hear the message, and who will continue to, with every passing year, with every new generation. As a case in point, Rudolf Bahro, the former Marxist and former Green, who came upon Mumford only a few years ago, instantly saw him as a seer of the modern world who reveals "not just certain cumulative horrors but the genesis and structure of modern industrial society." Bahro says with great perception that Mumford's work "has the same significance for the ecological movement as the achievement of Marx once had for the labor movement."

That is a legacy of which anyone could be proud, and I can only hope that in the coming century, looking down, Mumford will find that it is the ecological movement he informs and inspires that, if anything, is the miracle that will halt the destruction of the human species and its world.

KIRKPATRICK SALE

Kirkpatrick Sale is author of SDS *(Random House) and* Human Scale *(Coward, McCann), among other books. His* Conquest of Paradise *will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in October.*

Arms and Panama

The first foreign trip made by Panama's new President, Guillermo Endara, was to neighboring Costa Rica, which prides itself on being "the country without an army." To hear Costa Ricans tell it, you would imagine this singular state of affairs had blossomed spontaneously from their national character.

That decision, however, was made in late 1948 after a revolution led by José (Pepe) Figueres in response to electoral fraud. The civil war, which cost 2,000 lives, resulted in the overthrow of a government that had emerged from the unlikely coalition of a conservative political party, a Catholic archbishop and the Communist Party and had enacted legislation that would make Costa Rica a welfare state. Figueres adopted that legislation and outlawed the Communist Party. He then moved to abolish the army, partly in order to assure that he would not be overthrown by a military coup when he became president.

The less than idealistic intentions behind Costa Rica's choice not to have an army come to mind in connection with the current situation in Panama. Following an invasion whose economic and moral costs have yet to be calculated, the new Panamanian government faces the possibility of choosing to demilitarize.

Briefly, the argument is that Panama needs only a police force, not an army. Since the eastern half of the country, which borders on Colombia, is dense, roadless jungle, and unarmed Costa Rica stands on the other side, Panama does not need to defend its borders. Moreover, the business and banking community believes an assertive neutrality would befit Panama's role in the international economy. Another point is that a police force would be much cheaper than an army, which would demand ever newer and larger weapons.

These arguments are fueled by a widespread revulsion against militarism. Some Panamanians have a visceral reaction to military rule; others would distinguish the Noriega period from that of Gen. Omar Torrijos, who held power from 1968 to 1981, and whose populism brought a few gains to labor and some popular sectors. Those who remember the civilian governments before 1968 know that the military has no monopoly on corruption.

The bulk of the new Public Force, as it is called, will carry out police functions. Specialized units will be formed for investigation and for dealing with security threats. The force is being pulled together using soldiers from Noriega's Panamanian Defense Forces, because building a force from scratch would entail a much longer U.S. occupation, and also because the more than 15,000 unemployed P.D.F. troops could cause trouble.

When asked what security threats they have in mind, government officials mention drug trafficking or subversion sponsored by Nicaragua or Cuba. Such language understandably makes many uneasy. Labor union leaders fear that the new government will be repressive. One economist I spoke to was quite sure the government will suppress op-

(Continued on Page 241)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

There was once a Scythian philosopher named Anacharsis, who wrote that laws are like cobwebs, strong enough to ensnare the weak but far too weak to detain the strong. There ought to be a chair named for him in every law school in the country, and a statue erected outside the Justice Department as well. The standard of leniency set by the pardon of Nixon—the standard that says a powerful person is sufficiently punished by the mere threat of due process—is now becoming general. In the past week in Washington, I gazed as Marion Barry metamorphosed from offender into victim and told a moist congregation that he had spent so much time caring for others that he had no energy left to care for himself. This from a man who had just been videotaped preparing to suffer the rigors of a crack-fueled love bout with an experienced cover girl.

Still reeling from this nifty dodge by the best friend the city's developers ever had, I got a call from a colleague who said that Maj. Gen. Richard Secord had been hit with a $50 fine and two years' probation. "That's not much for a second offense, is it?" I said mildly. "What second offense?" demanded my comrade. I had presumed that the sentence had been passed down for the latest in the general's many drunk-driving forays among the fleshpots of the Beltway. Not a damn bit of it. Not since "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" has a judge handed out more strongly for penalty and repentance. Staring at the defendant who had pleaded guilty to lying to Congressional investigators—a felony charge, and one arising from the small matter of the diversion of blood money in the Iran/*contra* scandal—chief U.S. District Judge Aubrey Robinson Jr. stated that Secord had endured enough "punishment." The judge didn't say if the dropping of eleven other charges in exchange for the guilty plea had been part of the punishment. He merely told Secord to empty his pockets of small change on the way out.

At a time when those who raped and corrupted democracy and the rule of law in Bulgaria and the German Democratic Republic are being brought to account by outraged citizens, it is depressing in the extreme to see the furtive indulgence with which the Iran/*contra* conspirators are being handled. None of them were ever charged with any offense against the Constitution they had profaned. On the indictments for corruption and deceit that *were* successfully prosecuted, the six so-far convicted or confessed felons haven't done a day's time even in a playpen prison. And most of them have received some kind of apology from the bench for the trouble to which they have been put. (Incidentally, the two humble defendants who built the case against the appalling Mayor Barry have been hauled off to the joint while he has won plaudits for checking into a booze clinic in sun-rotted West Palm Beach.)

Soft on crime, soft on fascism. That summarizes the moral character of the reigning political and judicial establishment. (The Germans once had another, more wounding phrase for their black-robed tribunals: "Blind in the Right Eye.") So I don't suppose there will be any kind of a fuss at the news that two U.S. citizens are the objects of murder indictments in Costa Rica. I have written before about the case of John Hull (see "Minority Report," May 8, 1989, and December 18, 1989). As a major landowner on the border between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and a friend of Oliver North, Rob Owen and Dan Quayle, Hull was paid a substantial retainer to make his property available for the illegal *contra* war and for the exchange of drugs and guns that the war necessitated. At the end of December a Costa Rican government prosecutor completed a preliminary report on the La Penca bombing of 1984 and has now asked a Costa Rican court to bring murder charges against Hull and a Cuban-American zealot named Felipe Vidal. The report states that the murder plot was part of an effort involving Oliver North's network and Manuel Noriega's narcocracy to remove the inconvenient Edén Pastora and bring all Nicaraguan subversive and criminal activity under a unified pro-U.S. command. (Among the many people killed and injured at La Penca were at least two Costa Ricans, so on the Bush principle as asserted in the invasion of Panama, Costa Rica can invade the United States any time it chooses to avenge the insult.)

I have my doubts that the arraignment of Noriega will lead to any judicial proceeding more ferocious than that visited upon North, Secord and the rest. Will he, for example, be expected to answer questions about the torture and murder of Hugo Spadafora, his leading political critic and a former associate of Edén Pastora? Such a line of inquiry would be certain to expose the role of Noriega in the "southern front" of the *contra* operation. At that moment even the most dogged prosecutor and unimpeachable judge might begin to notice that Noriega was looking a bit haggard, and decide that he too had "suffered enough."

It's comic how many of the characters I have mentioned are noisy soldiers in the "drug war." Marion Barry bored everyone in Washington with his drug-free sermons. Noriega was perhaps the most decorated veteran of the Drug Enforcement Administration until he became more useful as an opinion poll booster than as a crony. Oliver North works in drug counseling as part of the laughable "community service" to which he was sentenced. Meanwhile, the country's jails are filling up with the young members of the underclass, packed in tight to show that society has zero tolerance. No civil or constitutional liberty is safe from a demagogue on a narcotics sweep. But then, civil and constitutional liberties were no obstacle to the drug- and gun-runners who took over the Iran and Nicaragua policies.

"Murder," though. That's a solid, old-fashioned word. Eric Ambler may have been reading Anacharsis before he wrote *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, where the hero is wondering how to nail the archvillain and says that, after all, Dimitrios had committed a murder, and this put him outside the law as surely as if he had been starving and had stolen a loaf of bread.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

TOXIC PAINT JOB

How Mercury Slid by the E.P.A.

MARGUERITE HOLLOWAY

Last summer a Detroit-area family painted the interior of their home. Ten days later, their 4-year-old son became irritable and shunned light. He suffered uncontrollable tremors, he lost his ability to walk, his fingers and toes turned pink and his skin sloughed off. The boy was diagnosed as having mercury poisoning, also called acrodynia or pink disease. The Michigan Department of Public Health traced the mercury to a house paint called Ultra Latex, produced by the aptly named Mercury Paint Company of Detroit. The family has filed suit against the company.

In the past thirty years only one other case of acrodynia resulting from paint has been reported to the Centers for Disease Control, but health officials there are increasingly concerned that mercury poses an environmental hazard as great as that of lead [see box on page 228]. Not only may mercury added to water-based paint as an in-can preservative and pesticide be poisoning people in their homes as they inhale it but airborne mercury escapes into the environment, settles in rivers and lakes, transforms into its lethal organic form (methyl mercury), accumulates in fish and then finds its way onto the dinner table. It was mercury in this form that tragically poisoned a fishing community in Minamata Bay, Japan, in the mid-1950s. A recent study by Wisconsin's Bureau of Air Management deemed paint responsible for nearly half the airborne mercury in the state. Emissions from incinerators and from the burning of fossil fuels, not to mention the mercury in paint emptied down drainpipes, all flood the environment with this dangerous heavy metal.

Mercury can cause severe damage to the central nervous system as it accumulates in the body, and it can lead to deformity and retardation in fetuses. Unlike lead, it is virtually unregulated. Although safety levels for mercury in paint have been set by the Environmental Protection Agency, there is no surveillance. No federal agency tests paints to see if legal limits are exceeded. No federal agency records how much mercury is used by paint manufacturers. No federal law requires that it be listed as an ingredient. And it appears that only one state, Michigan, has an agency that tracks mercury production and use. "We are putting people at risk all over the country," says Dr. Ruth Etzel, C.D.C. medical epidemiologist. The few reported cases "don't begin to represent [incidence]. I am sure there are lots that happen."

Because of its antiseptic qualities, the heavy metal was a common treatment for syphilis and diarrhea and was used in teething powder for infants until 1950. Many doctors are now unfamiliar with the syndrome, says Dr. Thomas Clarkson of the University of Rochester School of Medicine in New York State. Like lead poisoning, mercury poisoning is difficult to diagnose. And because the symptoms—joint pain, muscular weakness, memory loss, nausea—are nonspecific and variable, "many kids out there may have subtle changes, [such as] hyperactivity or difficulty concentrating," says Dr. Dave Wade of the Michigan Department of Agriculture, which regulates pesticides. "How many parents chalk it off to a stage the kid was going through or take him to a shrink?"

As early as 1963, the editors of the *New England Journal of Medicine* wrote, "It seems clear that manufacturers should label such paint as dangerous for use indoors in poorly ventilated rooms." But if the federal recognition of the hazards of lead seems sluggish—the dangers of lead-based paint were known in the 1920s but regulated only in 1971, when the federal government established the allowable level of lead in paint at 0.5 percent, and in 1978, when this level was reduced to 0.06 percent—it is lightning-quick compared with mercury.

Prompted by international reports of mercury poisoning, as well as a case in Arizona that left one child retarded, the E.P.A. moved to ban mercury from paint in 1972. Three years and 4,466 pages of documentation later, E.P.A. administrative law judge Bernard Levinson concluded that mercury posed "minimal" risk and that "in those cases where there are no adequate or effective substitutes . . . the benefits from the use of mercurials outweigh the risks." (Despite Judge Levinson's opinion, many large paint companies—Olympic Stain and Glidden among them—stopped using mercury in interior paint in the early 1970s, citing alternatives and clean factory conditions as effective, though more expensive, guards against spoilage.)

Judge Levinson's decision was overruled in 1976 by E.P.A. Administrator Russell Train. In his decision, which characterized some of the industry's evidence as "more optimistic than scientifically cautious," Train ruled that the use of mercury in paint caused "unreasonable adverse effects." But several months later, after being petitioned by three companies and the National Paint and Coatings Association, Train overturned his own reversal of Levinson's decision and mercury was cleared for use in water-based paint.

The E.P.A. staff was baffled. "It caught us totally by surprise," says Thomas Adanczyk, deputy chief of the E.P.A.'s herbicide-fungicide branch. Adanczyk, who was then chief of the branch, adds that he cannot remember any explanation offered by Train.

Neither can Train. Fourteen years later, he can recall the uses of mercury that were in question—including the treatment of golf courses to prevent mold growth—but not why he changed his mind. "I can't for the life of me remember," says Train, now chair of the World Wildlife Fund and the Conservation Foundation. "I don't remember any other de-

Marguerite Holloway is a writer based in New York City who covers public health and the environment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cision I made that I reversed. I'm sure I did quite a bit of soul-searching before."

Clearly, many in the paint industry endorse Train's final decision. If mercury really posed a problem, there would be many reports of acrodynia, says Charles Soberman, president of the Mercury Paint Company. Soberman denies that Ultra Latex was responsible for the 4-year-old child's poisoning. "In the last 25-30 years, not only have there been no proven adverse health effects, but there have only been two claims."

This argument infuriates Dr. Jerry Poje, environmental toxicologist at the National Wildlife Federation. "It is immoral. We can't wait for the human population to become diseased and then say, 'Oh, let's address it,'" says Dr. Poje. "Who appointed [the paint industry] the procurer of life and death in our society?"

Soberman contends that the form of mercury used in Ultra Latex, phenylmercuric acetate, is not toxic and does not evaporate, so it cannot get into people's lungs. But according to the C.D.C., PMA breaks down into mercury, which then vaporizes minutes after it is applied to walls. It continues to do so for many months. In 1980 in Argentina, between 7,000 and 10,000 infants were exposed to phenyl mercury, a similar compound. The compound was being used to kill bacteria on diapers and was absorbed through the infants' skin. At least ten developed acrodynia.

Soberman's position is supported by at least one physician. "I am not sure that level of poisoning could come from just fumes," says Dr. Leonard Goldwater, who submitted a statement of support to the Mercury Paint Company's lawyers. Dr. Goldwater adds that, if mixed according to federal standards for mercury content, and "with people handling it in a sensible fashion, I would not expect any harm to occur." This is the same argument offered by the industry with regard to lead, counters Dr. Poje. "That story is so old, so tiresome, so tedious. They'll say it was a misapplication. They'll say [the child] ate it or poured it over his head or drank it. That it was some human ignorance."

With no labels heralding the presence of mercury in paint, how can consumers make informed decisions? Short of consulting a chemist, they cannot. If the paint industry really is unconcerned, "then they shouldn't have a problem with people knowing the paint has mercury in it," says Dr. Poje.

Without labeling, consumers must rely on the E.P.A. to insure the safety of the paint, but, "since paints are not pesticides, they are not required to be registered and they fall through a loophole," says the E.P.A.'s Adanczyk. The E.P.A. does record how much mercury is sold nationally, however, and it does set standards for manufacturers who mix paint. The Ultra Latex brand had three times the amount of mercury permissible by law, according to the Michigan Department of Public Health.

The National Paint and Coatings Association, which represents nearly 90 percent of the industry, claims that the use of mercury as a pesticide in paint is declining. But in 1987, paint manufacturers were using over a third more mercury than they did in 1973, according to E.P.A. and industry figures. In 1988, over 357 million gallons of water-based paint (both interior and exterior) were produced in the United States. An informal E.P.A. estimate says 240 million gallons of this paint could contain mercury.

Michigan's follow-up studies suggest the problem is widespread. Nine of the twenty-seven paint manufacturers in the state use mercury, according to John Hesse of the Michigan Department of Public Health. The department tested twenty homes painted in the four months prior to investigation, and all but one had air levels of mercury higher than the federal occupational standard, which is based on an eight-hour rather than a twenty-four-hour exposure. The E.P.A. monitors only general levels of mercury in the atmosphere,

Heavy Metal Rap

Despite twenty years of public awareness of the hazards of lead, and state and federal programs to test children and remove lead from homes and schools, 88 percent of American children may suffer diminished learning ability due to this heavy metal, according to the Environmental Defense Fund. The E.D.F. bases this estimate on existing levels of lead in paint, gasoline, dust, soil, plumbing and soldering in canned foods, which together could yield an average of 10 micrograms per deciliter (mcg/dl) of lead in a child's blood. Although the current federal definition of lead toxicity is 15 mcg/dl, studies have found that blood levels of 10 mcg/dl and below can cause developmental damage, and levels of 5 mcg/dl have been implicated in high blood pressure. Blood levels acceptable to the federal government have decreased steadily over several decades as studies continue to show, ad nauseam, that lead at any level is harmful. Following are the "acceptable" standards, that is, the levels at or above which children should be treated: in the mid-1960s, 60 mcg/dl; in the mid-1970s, 30 mcg/dl; in the mid-1980s, 15 mcg/dl; in the mid-1990s, who knows?

While the lead standard remains too lax, the mercury standard is nonexistent. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration has set an indoor air limit of 0.05 milligrams per cubic meter (for an eight-hour day); the E.P.A. allows a maximum of 300 parts per million of mercury in interior water-based paints and 2,000 parts per million in exterior water-based paints. But neither agency can clearly explain how it determined its standards, and there are no studies examining whether these standards protect people from chronic effects. The World Health Organization established a maximum daily intake level of 30 mcg/dl in 1972.

Doctors diagnosing acrodynia or suspected cases of mercury poisoning due to paint should contact the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. The Michigan Department of Public Health recommends that consumers contact paint companies to find out whether their products contain mercury, and that consumers thoroughly ventilate rooms when painting. M.H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Randy Hayes, executive director, Rainforest Action Network
1988 Working Assets funding recipient

"Half the species on Earth will die unless we act now."

For Randy Hayes, protecting the Earth and its inhabitants is a lifetime commitment. That's why he founded an international action network to stop the destruction of tropical rainforests.

It's also why he uses Working Assets Long Distance, the only long distance phone service that lets you help our endangered planet, at no cost to you.

Working Assets uses the fiber-optic network of US Sprint® and adds our own unique commitment. Every time you call long distance, we give 1% of your charges to non-profit groups that defend forests and animals, the water we drink and the air we breathe. Which makes protecting the Earth not only cost-free to you, but as easy as talking on the phone.

So take a few seconds now to sign up for Working Assets Long Distance. You'll get the same low rates and high quality service *all* US Sprint customers get. And every time you call, you'll help save a species or two. Possibly even our own.

Call 1-800-877-2100

(ask for extension 500). Or mail the coupon to:
Working Assets Long Distance
230 California St., San Francisco, CA 94111.

WORKING ASSETS LONG DISTANCE

THE COST-FREE WAY TO PROTECT THE EARTH
...JUST BY TALKING ON THE PHONE.

❑ **YES!** Sign me up for Working Assets Long Distance and give 1% of my charges to groups that protect forests, animals, air and water, at no cost to me.

List all numbers to be connected. Include area codes.

( ) _____ ( ) _____

_____
Name (Please Print)

_____
Address

_____
City/State/ZIP

_____
SIGNATURE Date

By signing you authorize us to notify your local phone company that you choose US Sprint to be your primary long distance carrier. You can place calls with other carriers and switch to another carrier at any time. Your local phone company may apply a small one-time service charge. To help offset the charge we'll credit your third month's bill with 30 free minutes of interstate calling at the US Sprint 3,000 mile night/weekend rate. SSN 106-23-3010-WE

H2E

Mail to: Working Assets Long Distance, 230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111.

Working Assets supports groups like Greenpeace, Rainforest Action Network and The Environmental Defense Fund. For a list of organizations funded, write us at the address above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which does not address the potentially debilitating accumulation of mercury in the body, adds Dr. Poje.

As innumerable chemicals and heavy metals inundate the environment, reports of chronic fatigue syndrome, allergies and other nonspecific sensitivities are on the rise. Mercury may be yet another toxin without "direct manifestations, but which can lead to chronic symptoms," says Dr. Poje. In January the Michigan Departments of Public Health and Agriculture petitioned the E.P.A. to ban mercury in paint. In response, the agency has reopened the issue and is tracking down PMA through mercury distributors who sell to paint manufacturers, a painstaking process that may take months or years to complete. The C.D.C. is completing a report to inform doctors of the potential danger of mercury in paint and of the symptoms of acrodynia. And the Detroit-area boy, home after five months in the hospital, is learning how to walk again. □

ROMANIA AND THE WEST

Remembering Our Man Ceausescu

PATRICK BARNARD

Remember that *Romania so dear to the heart of the West because it was a non-conforming satellite, so loosely aligned, sometimes rebellious against Moscow, always hungry for Western money, generous with its tourist sights and package vacations on the Black Sea, capable of sudden shifts toward independence, with its admired national pride, applauded by so many, despite Ceausescu, its satrap and despot?*

—"The Last Gulag," a front-page editorial
by Alberto Cavallari, *La Repubblica*
Rome, December 20, 1989

One woman, tears streaming in a Bucharest church where the body of the first student to be shot in the capital was laid, asked: "Why did you in the West support him? Why?" I had no answer to give her.

—"Pendennis in Romania," by John Sweeney
The *Observer*, London, December 31, 1989

As soon as the full significance of the Timisoara massacre became apparent during the week beginning Sunday, December 17, 1989, an extraordinary ritual of the world's powerful people began.

On Friday, December 22, the day the Romanian people overthrew their hated despot, Queen Elizabeth officially returned her Star of the Socialist Republic of Romania First Class as a mark, indicated the British Foreign Office, "of revulsion at the abuse of human rights in Romania for which Ceausescu is responsible." The monarch herself had always detested the dictator, but in 1978, when Britain desperately wanted to sell airplanes to Romania, she had been compelled by the government of James Callaghan to give the *Conducator* a state visit, complete with an honorary knighthood. On December 22, 1989, at the last hour, the Foreign Office took back that embarrassing title. It was a tawdry exercise, but far better than allowing the Balkan tyrant to die, as it were, with his garter on.

During the week of the Romanian revolt, French politicians were even busier than the British in performing their own rites of dissociation. From 1975 to 1986, high-ranking French officials from every party had carried on almost annual meetings with the Ceausescu government. Former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, for example, had hosted the Romanian's state visit to France in March 1980, after signing a joint declaration that spoke loftily of "respect for human rights and fundamental liberties." But the post-Timisoara Giscard insisted, somewhat unconvincingly, in the pages of the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* on December 26 that, "furthermore, I always felt a deep antipathy toward the one who liked to call himself the *Conducator*." Ask my 1980 interpreter, pleaded Giscard: "He has recalled that at the end of the state visit I said: I never want to see that low fellow again." (*Je ne veux plus jamais revoir ce type-là.*)

This tone of distaste and snobbery, which one found in nearly all the statements of Western politicians once it was clear that Ceausescu's days were over, reveals an all-important truth: The fellow was useful, and since "we" knew all about him, we must now distance ourselves from his unpleasant memory as forcefully as possible.

The Socialist Party's Lionel Jospin, who was France's interim Prime Minister in December, told the real story of the West's collective attitude toward Ceausescu in an interview given to Radio Luxembourg on the Friday that Ceausescu was overthrown. The desire to exploit Romania's independence from Moscow had created, Jospin admitted, "an unquestionably excessive indulgence toward that which we already knew about, namely the regime's internal harshness."

There is, in fact, an answer to the question posed to the British journalist by the uncomprehending woman in the Bucharest church: The West supported Ceausescu, first and foremost because of its very large interest in playing the great game of the cold war. Ceausescu's condemnation of the Soviet Union's claim to Eastern European hegemony, his maintenance of diplomatic relations with Israel, even the corruption of the institutions that he managed, served us well. He was at once an irritant to the Russians and a sort of rotten rampart in their defensive fortress of buffer states. In the embassies of the West it was a well-known rule that in the Eastern Europe of the 1960s and '70s, the more liberal the Warsaw Pact country was in foreign policy, the harsher it was domestically—and vice versa. Such were the equations of diplomacy, and it was simply too bad for the ordinary citizens who lived in such places. After all, one didn't want those countries to function very well anyway, did one?

Such clinical geopolitical calculation is fairly well known.

Patrick Barnard, a Canadian journalist working in the Netherlands, is the producer of Radio Netherlands.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is not so widely discussed, however, is the detail of Romania's economic relations with the industrialized countries during the crucial decade of the 1970s, when financial conditions became much more difficult and the world economy began to go through a radical transformation.

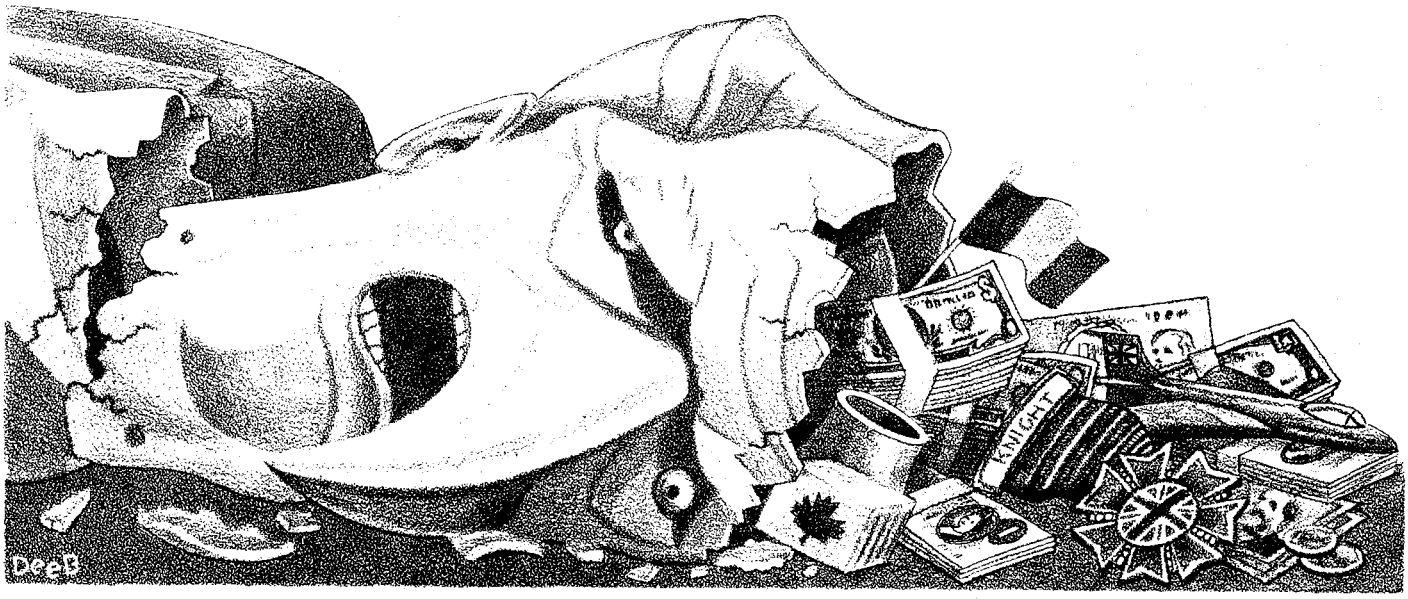
Despite its natural resources, modern Romania had always been a poor country. During the 1920s and '30s, U.S., British and Dutch oil companies set up dozens of dummy corporations to extract its petroleum wealth. And it was in this same period that the anti-Semitic, fascist paramilitary group known as the Iron Guard established a climate of repression and fear that has never left the country. The Ceausescu period, which began in 1965, initiated a disastrous cycle of economic investment and collapse that repeated Romania's own experience of backward dependency in the first part of the century, and it also echoed the more recent economic catastrophes characteristic of the Third World over the past three decades. Beginning in the late 1960s, the Ceausescu dictatorship depressed the wages of ordinary Romanians in order to accumulate capital for megaprojects in such sectors as steel, car production, plastics and aeronautics. Domestic overcapacity resulted, and Romania found itself with poorly made, obsolete products that its own citizens couldn't buy and international customers didn't want. In the midst of a global technological revolution, centered on new materials and production techniques, Romania's command economy hurtled into the industrial past.

And that is where the West played its own shabby part in the economic mismanagement of the country. As the Italian editorialist Alberto Cavallari wrote at the time of the revolt, Romania was for an entire generation the West's "spoiled boy." In the 1970s Ceausescu, his family and hangers-on tried to establish a slew of co-ownership projects with Western interests. Looking back now, it is extremely interesting to see precisely which types of industries were eager to do business with Romania Inc.

The export of Canadian nuclear technology to Romania at that time is instructive. Although Canada's Candu heavy-water reactor is a well-made piece of machinery, in the 1970s Canadian public opinion was beginning to get hostile to the expansion of domestic nuclear facilities in a country that, in any case, enjoyed a surplus of electric energy by the end of the decade. So the solution for the Canadian nuclear industry was to sell nuclear technology to poorer countries such as India, Pakistan, Argentina and Romania. The Indian program resulted in a major embarrassment when it became clear that New Delhi had used the plutonium by-product of a Canadian research reactor to help make its atomic bomb. Nonetheless, the Canadian government and nuclear lobby happily exported a Candu with a price tag of at least $1 billion to Romania. The facility remains incomplete, but like all heavy-water reactors it has the potential of supplying more than twice as much plutonium as a light-water reactor.

Similarly, the British aerospace industry, with its own problems of adaptation to new economic conditions, looked around desperately in the 1970s for clients to purchase B.A.C.'s 111 aircraft—and the salespeople found Ceausescu and Co. This deal also did not flourish, but once again a sector of the military-industrial complex of a middle power found in Romania a buyer for a surplus product that the domestic market could not absorb.

The vast flow of U.S. dollars overseas in the 1970s, at first due to the Vietnam War and continuing with the sudden accumulation of cash by the oil countries after the rise in the price of petroleum, meant that international banks had money on their hands that they badly wanted to loan. Walter Wriston, then head of Citibank, articulated the convenient doctrine that sovereign borrowers such as Ceausescu's Romania do not default. Loan 'em money, was the dictum, they'll always pay. So more than $10 billion of credit flowed into Romanian accounts. Furthermore, the Wriston Doctrine held true, at least in Romania. When Ceausescu saw his investment program fail at the beginning of the 1980s, the first thing he did was to impose an iron-fisted austerity on his hapless subjects so those unwisely negotiated loans would be paid and off the books forever.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY D.B. JOHNSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1990 ROBERT MASUR LEGAL FELLOWSHIP AWARDED JOINTLY TO JANE QUIMBY AND DAVID MONSMA

The Nation Institute is pleased to announce that Jane Quimby of Montclair, New Jersey, and David Monsma of Baltimore, Maryland, are the recipients of the 1990 Robert Masur Fellowship. Named in memory of public interest attorney Robert Masur, the fellowship is awarded annually to a law student with a demonstrated commitment to public interest law. Due to the exceptional caliber of this year's applicants, the Institute has awarded this year's fellowship to two candidates.

Ms. Quimby, a third year evening student at Rutgers University Law School, Newark, is a legal advocate for the Mental Health Law Project in New York. Ms. Quimby worked for the Center for Constitutional Rights researching the impact of a change in abortion law on low-income and minority women for an amicus brief to the Supreme Court in *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*.

David Monsma is a third year law student at the University of Baltimore and is currently enrolled in the University's Clinical Housing Program. He interned last summer with the Unemployment Law Project in Seattle through a grant from the National Lawyers Guild. Mr. Monsma is a founding member of the University of Baltimore Students for Public Interest law group.

The Masur fellows will work during this spring semester for the Supreme Court Watch project of The Nation Institute primarily as researchers and legal writers.

"[Sullivan] concludes that street crime stems mainly from the social isolation of the inner city and from the lack of economic opportunity caused by such isolation. A landmark study."—*Booklist*

"Mercer Sullivan presents an urban ethnography which eloquently describes the chaotic lifestyles and conflicting opportunity structures available to inner-city youth. *"Getting Paid"* is must reading for social scientists and for professionals who work with inner-city youth and a major source of information and understanding for anyone who cares about social policy."
—Francis A. J. Ianni, Columbia University

$12.95 paper
$36.95 cloth

"GETTING PAID"
Youth Crime and Work in the Inner City
Mercer L. Sullivan

At bookstores, or clip this ad and send with payment to CUP, or call 800-666-2211 (credit cards only)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Check or money order ☐
American Express ☐
Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐
Expiration date_____
Card #_____
Customer's daytime phone #_____
Amount_____
NYS residents add 7%_____
Postage_____ $2.00
Total_____

124 Roberts Place
Ithaca, NY 14850
Cornell University Press

Ceausescu may be gone, but the West remains, and Romania's modern history throws a question in our face, just as the woman in the church did. What are future economic relations to be, between Western Europe and the United States on the one hand, and between Romania and Eastern Europe on the other? Will there be a return to the situation of the 1930s? Will Eastern Europe be treated as a giant Third World repository of cheap resources and labor, but one conveniently close to home—at least for Western Europeans? If this is allowed to happen, then we will have learned nothing from the tragedy of Romania, and Ceausescu's bitter, resentful face will haunt us all, East and West. ☐

WHITE HOUSE DIARY

Prez Is on a Boldness Roll

DOUGLAS McGRATH

Dec. 6: Upon return from Malta, envelopes waiting from Q. w/newspaper clippings about how well he handled attempted coup on Mrs. Aquino in Prez's absence. Had underlined most flattering quotes, i.e.: "Disaster was barely averted in the Philippines when Vice President Dan Quayle had the good sense and sound judgment to call the President for instructions." At bottom of Xeroxes he wrote, "Ready for all the work you can give me!" Then he put his phone number. It was the wrong number. He always puts his home phone in Indiana.

At 6:00, met for Daily Secret Meeting. Everything set on Operation Adios Amigo. More troops arrive every day in Panama City. Just need Panamanians to provoke us. Hope they do this before invasion on the 20th as that will save us some work.

Dec. 8: Atwa has research from focus groups that says voters are uncomfortable with way Prez "purses his lips." Atwa wants this fixed. So Prez worked with Lip Coach today.

Lip Coach had Prez practice puffing his lips out as he spoke. "And one, two, speak and puff! And, puff! Good. Mr. President! Don't forget to breathe! Keep speaking! No, no, no! You're pursing! Don't purse! That's better! Blow those lips out! That's good! And, puff!"

Dec. 9: New chapter today in Operation Mend the Chopstick: Scow and Eagleburg arrived in China for Deng meetings. Prez v. pleased trip didn't leak in advance. Said, "I'm on a boldness roll!"

Reagan here re: protection from Poindexter's subpoena of RR's diary. RR said, "What if we told him that, well,

Douglas McGrath was co-author, with Patty Marx, of the comic novel Blockbuster. *His play* The Big Day *will premiere at the Pasadena Playhouse in April.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there really *isn't* a diary, that, you know, I was confused. Use the old arms-for-hostages bit: 'The President sincerely believed he was keeping a diary and I'm sure in his mind, he was.'" Prez prefers to let Thornburgh obstruct investigation first and if that fails, then we can deny diary's existence.

Dec. 11: Operation Mend the Chopstick not the big hit we predicted. At p.-conf. today, almost all q's were on Chop-Op. Prez got testy. Said: "Now look. I'm not going to go backward on China. Won't do it. There is a—look, a forward-leaning posture is what we need to have out there on China. Otherwise we're leaning backward, going backward to the malaise days of Carter and gas lines and all that negative talk out there at that Democratic convention where that lady with the big hair made fun of me. And so, no. The Bush team is—look, I'm the guy who knows China. And when I think of the extraordinary people in China—well, what about that ball boy Barb and I had? Ton. Tonny-on-the-spot, we called him. *Super* guy! I still write him thank-you notes. So let's not isolate old Tonny. And, but, yes, there are some up there on that hill who want us to do just that, to punish Ton for that ruckus in Tiananmen Square, but I say no. *Too backward-leaning*. So just punch the word of the President, George Bush, into your computers on this one: This Administration doesn't have a gear marked 'backward' on China."

Dec. 13: Chop-Op uproar continues. Only Bush news to compete w/it was a long *N.Y. Times* story by Maureen Dowd about how lots of times the Prez will take a word that shares a syllable with another word and use that word instead—"Vic Damone" means "victory," "Dean Martin" means "defeat." E.g., "The Congress will not Dean Martin me on the capital gains tax!" (Something I'm curious about: Did Prez pick this up at CIA or Skull & Bones?)

So Fitzy announced that Prez will attend drug conf. in Colombia. Secret Service, howev., loathes this locale; said it would be safer to hold the conf. inside a crashing plane. Urged Prez not to go.

Then Q. said, "Let me go!" The potential benefits of sending Q. to a war zone were lost on no one. Baker said, "And why not show how brave and independent Danny is? Let's send him without any Secret Service people." Q. v. touched by Baker's backing, and thanked him profusely. (Prez still said no.)

Dec. 15: At Daily Secret Meeting went over final details on Operation Adios Amigo. First we did the Op-Adios handshake. (Prez loves these secret handshakes. He makes up a different one for every operation. He says it's for security but I think he just likes them.)

Then Atwa went over the 5 goals of the operation:

1) to secure footage for the '92 election;
2) to give the appearance of seriousness in the fight against drugs;
3) to put the Democrats in the position of either having to support our use of force or look wimpy and craven as usual;
4) to scare Ortega to death; and:
5) to eliminate Noriega, one of the most dangerous and knowledgeable sources on Iran/*contra*.

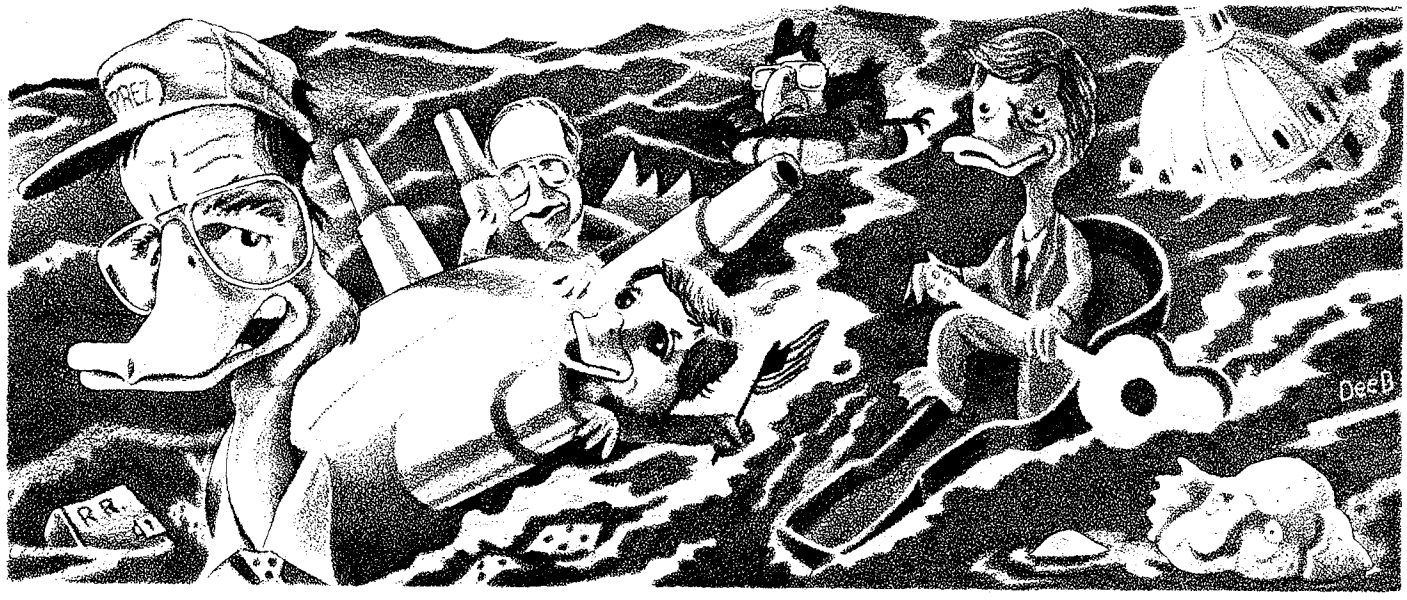
Point 5 is the biggie. Prez said only way N. was to be brought back to this country was in a pork-rind wrapper.

At end of meeting, Atwa said to me, "When the President announces this invasion, we're going to need some urgent reasons that sound legal if you don't know the law. Could you come up with 3 or 4, *muy pronto*? Don't force it, but see if you can get something in about democracy."

Later, Pan.'s Parliament declared it was in state of war with the United States! It's a good thing we're planning to invade or this could really start trouble between us.

Dec. 16: RR called with another diary idea. "I'll tell Judge Greene it's one of those diaries little girls have with a lock on the cover and that, well, I've lost the key." Prez said let's let Thorny try his way first.

US soldier killed in Panama. Even better, US woman abused. This kind of tragedy money can't buy.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dec. 17: Prez becoming uncomfortable that reporters are starting to report on his obsession w/secrecy. Prez is v. concerned about the lack of secrecy that allows his obsession w/secrecy to be reported in the national media. Prefers preoccupation with secrecy to be kept secret. At Daily Secret Meeting, Prez ordered Sunu and me to leak that Bush is the most open Prez we've ever had.

Dec. 18: CNN revealed the July trip to China. Now we're worried that CNN will find out about the other trips. Sunu panicked they'll uncover horseshoes Prez sent to Deng after the massacre in T. Square. (App. Deng did not know horseshoes is a game. His thank-you note said, "This is the first time anyone has sent a present to my horse! Thank you from me and from Won Ton!") Even worse, Baker said on Brinkley that the December trip was the only trip. "This really puts my integrity on the line," he said, v. mad. "People do not expect me to get caught when I lie."

Dec. 19: Op-Adios ready. One potential problem: bec. of Prez's secrecy requirements, Endara, Calderón and Ford don't know they are being installed as Prez and V.P.s. Hope we can find them and that they are still interested in politics.

Earlier today, ostensibly to discuss "bigger role for military in drug trafficking" (I'll say!), Prez reiterated his strategy re: N. He said, "The big brown one is not to be taken alive." Prez gave military two choices: Either Nory can resist, threaten American lives and, regrettably, be killed trying to escape, or, if we like, he can kill himself in shame and fear. Prez just feels it will be easier to bring justice to Noriega than to bring Noriega to justice.

Dec. 20: Op-Adios began at midnight. As soon as troops went after Nory, US officials went after Endara, Calderón and Ford to swear them in. Ford, who had been beaten up by the Dignity Battalions after the election, hid under his bed and said, "Señor Ford is not home!"

Only glitch is that Nory's on the loose. So we'll have to catch him in the jungle. Nobody likes the uncertainty and declay but one advantage is: It will be so much easier to make it look like we killed him as he was trying to escape if we actually kill him as he is trying to escape.

Dec. 21: Everyone working around the clock on Op-Adios. Got Prez special Op-Adios hot lines to Defense, CIA and Gallup. Seeing the phones, Q. looked hopeful. "Need me to place any calls?"

Op-Adios a huge hit w/public. Prez's numbers sky-high. Prez told me, "I haven't been this popular since I started the Yacht Club at Andover!"

During Prez's p.-conf., networks split screen and showed dead soldiers arriving in US. *V.* embarrassing, as Prez acting silly at time. Sunu promised Prez to come up w/a system so that dead bodies will never again arrive as Prez is acting silly.

P-dexter trial delayed so judge can study excerpts from RR's diary. RR furious. Told Prez, "It's a pain in the keister that the government spends the taxpayers' time and money chasing after my diary when there are millions of welfare cheats who are buying cocktails and theater tickets every day with their food stamps!"

Dec. 24: We're gaining on N! Troops got tip that he was at his mistress's house. Gen. Thurman wanted to send troops but Cheney wanted to include Stealth fighters, as Cong. will be looking to cut what we're not using. Thurman said we don't need Stealths and Cheney said it doesn't matter if we need them as long as we use them. By the time troops got to mistress's house, Nory was gone.

Still all excited at sighting. Prez bet Baker that troops would catch Nory by nightfall. "With Nory out of the way and Thorny killing the P-dexter case, I'll never have to worry about Iran/*contra* again!" Then the horrible thing happened: Nory went to the Vatican Embassy and was given sanctuary.

Prez *furious*. "The whole thing is ruined!" he said. But, as this was the main stated goal of the operation, he had to go on TV and take credit for it.

Immediately after, Prez called Endara to remind him that Panama has no extradition treaty w/US and Prez doesn't think it would be a good way for Endara to begin his new presidency by going against Panamanian Constitution. Endara thanked him for his respect for Panamanian sovereignty. "Any time!" Prez said. "I'm the Constitution President."

Sunu came up w/a p.-conf. warning system to protect Prez from other split-screen embarrassments. Prez will wear a tiny electrode under his shirt. It will be connected to a transmitter in my office. I will watch p.-confs. as they occur. If networks split screen, I will press button on transmitter, Prez will receive a slight shock and can modify his behavior appropriately. If I press twice, that means dead bodies are arriving from somewhere as a result of some policy the Prez had; if I shock him once, it's only wounded.

Dec. 25: Ceausescu and wife killed in Romania. Q. v. excited: "My first funeral!"

Dec. 28: Negotiating w/Vatican for Nory's release to US but are trying our best to irritate them so they will deny us what they think we want and then release N. to a third country where we can arrange for a driving accident. So yesterday troops started blaring rock music into the nunciature. It shouldn't be long now.

Dec. 30: Rock music not doing much. Problem was Atwa picked good music. (Nuns app. loved "You're No Good.") We should've played only "Ebony and Ivory." Wouldn't have had to play it more than three times before everybody—Noriega, the nuns, everybody—came out with their hands up. But, as Powell pointed out, we might have caused defections among our own troops. So, starting today, we're blaring Prez's speeches. Plus we're going to leak a few insulting remarks to press about the Vat., just to reduce further their desire to help us.

I think we're going to get out of this OK.

Jan. 3: It isn't possible but the worst of all things has hap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Call To Action!

To everyone outraged by the U.S. invasion & occupation of Panama: We must sharply escalate our resistance to U.S. aggression & intervention in Central America & throughout the world!

The U.S. government greeted the '90s with a brutal invasion and occupation of Panama. Reports of 1,000 or more civilians killed and thousands more wounded by U.S. bombing and strafing of poor neighborhoods filter through U.S. official lies and media censorship. Many of the dead were quickly buried, unidentified, in mass graves for "humanitarian reasons." Now the U.S. military is running the devastated country by terror and bribe. And what is the "official story"? That this "successful operation" was to "get a drug dealing dictator and protect U.S. lives and treaty rights." President George Bush proudly proclaims that the decimation of this tiny country of 2.3 million people was "worth it."

Here is the real story:

■ U.S. media highlights U.S. casualties while *civilian* suffering and death is still not reported. Network TV coverage of the invasion was a U.S. military video fed to the "press pool" holed up in the U.S. embassy. The media has virtually blacked out major opposition to the invasion amongst people in Panama and around the world (including mass protests in over twenty U.S. cities). They have instead focused all eyes on Manuel Noriega.

■ Noriega for years was a valued ally of the U.S., on the CIA payroll. He was a key player in the drug and Contra trade, endorsed and overseen by Bush as CIA director and vice-president. Before their "falling out" Noriega received a U.S. award for his role in the "War on Drugs." Endara, now installed by the U.S. in the midst of bombs and blood, served for ten years as a top aide in an earlier regime which openly promoted U.S. and oligarchy interests.

■ Panama is the biggest military operation since Vietnam. At the same time bombing and murder of poor people and religious workers by U.S.-supported death squads and Contras have increased in El Salvador and Nicaragua. Under the guise of the "War on Drugs" the U.S. special forces lead helicopter patrols from a Vietnam-style firebase against insurgents in Peru and Bush calls for an aircraft carrier group to be stationed off the coast of Colombia with high-tech planes to monitor the whole region.

■ The truth is that the U.S. aggression in Panama is a major escalation of military intervention in the whole region. The goal is to continue U.S. domination...more "yanqui imperialism" as people all over Latin America name it.

Whatever our political or organizational ties, we must dramatically intensify the scope and level of protest actions. We can and must mount a far more powerful resistance to the horror of U.S. imperialist crime. The oppressed people of Panama, Latin America, and the world expect nothing less!

"...if not now, then when?"

Partial list of signers • Affiliation for identification purposes only.

Eqbal Ahmad, *prof. of political science, Hampshire College*
Dore Ashton, *writer*
Rudolf Baranik, *artist*
Daniel Berrigan, *S.J.*
Karl Bissinger *War Resisters' League staff*
Emily Blake, *MD, Phys. for Social Responsibility, Phys. for Human Rights*
Dave Blalock, *VVAW-AI, vet who burned flag on Capitol steps*
Robert Boehm, *atty., Center for Constitutional Rights*
Francis A. Boyle, *prof. of int'l law, U. of Illinois, Champaign*
Kathy Boylan, *Long Island Catholic Peace Fellowship*
Fr. Bill Brisotti, *L.I.CPF and L.I. Sanctuary*
Noam Chomsky
Judy Christopher, Mary Hagerman, Lillian Jeep, *Lake Co. Peace Alliance*
Committee to Support the Revolution in Peru
Darlene Cuccinello and Intercommunity Ctr. for Justice and Peace
Carl Dix, *nat'l spokesperson, Revolutionary Communist Party, USA*
Phil Farnham, *RCP, N.Y.*
Bruce Gagnon, *Fla. Coalition for Peace and Justice*
Martin Garbus, *attorney*
Joe Hamilton and Colleen Sheehey, *Fordham U.*
Rich Hutchinson, *No Business As Usual Action Network*
Gregory "Joey" Johnson, *Revolutionary Communist Youth Brigade, defendant in Supreme Ct. flag burning case*
Arthur Kinoy, *prof. of law, Rutgers U.*
Yuri Kochiyama, *community activist*
William Kunstler, *attorney*
Beth Lamont
Corliss Lamont
Tom Lewis, *artist, activist, teacher*
Lois R. Mohn, *Rainbow Coalition*
Louis Mohn, *trustee, Riverside Church, NYC*
Christine Mulready, *CSJ, Social Justice Office, Sisters of St. Joseph*
Deborah Neill, *Connecticut activist*
Michelle Pahl, *Refuse & Resist!*
Grace Paley
Walter Piepsch, *ARISE*
Sarah Plant, *Int'l Work Brigades/N.Y., Nicaragua Network*
Edy Reese, *CISPES and Brooklyn Parents for Peace*
Fr. Salvador Ros, *St. Margaret and Mary, R.C. Church, South Bronx*
Patti and Vic Scutari, *L.I. Sanctuary Coaltion, L.I. CPF*
Ken Silvey and Edith Herbert, *Ken and Edith's Newsletter*
John Stockwell, *author, lecturer, CIA protester*
Edith Tiger, *Dir., Nat'l Emergency Civil Liberties Comm.*
Roger Wareham, *Medgar Evers Ctr. for Law & Social Justice*
Scott Weinstein, *Fla. Coord., Central America Project*
Rev. George W. Webber, *N.Y. Theol. Sem., Witness for Peace*
Rev. Philip Wheaton, *C.A. field staff, EPICA*
Behzad Yaghmaian, *ass't. prof., economics, Stockton State Col.*
Howard Zinn, *historian*

To sign this call, send your name and as large a contribution as possible for publishing costs to Call to Act, Box AF, Point Lookout, NY 11569 (make checks payable to Fr. Salvador Ros). For Info: Darlene Cuccinello (212) 475-6677. **Publicize this call everywhere—in school and community papers, newsletters, radio stations. Use it with friends and at work, in organizations and events, in high schools and colleges to help initiate more discussion, debate and action..."if not now, then when?"**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COME SEE HISTORY BEING MADE!

COME SEE HOW SOCIALIST COUNTRIES RESPOND TO THE CHALLENGE OF CHANGE AND RENEWAL! COME SEE BEYOND THE MAZE OF MEDIA HYPE AND HEADLINES!

COME SEE FOR YOURSELF
with
ANNIVERSARY TOURS!

You can count on our 23 years of experience in travel to Eastern Europe. We offer 1990 programs to Hungary, the German Democratic Republic, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Austria.

Send for our free brochure on

EASTERN EUROPE—

It's where the excitement is!

ANNIVERSARY TOURS, INC.

330 Seventh Avenue • Suite 1700 • New York, NY 10001
Toll-free (800) 366-1336 • In NY State (212) 465-1200

THE NATION PUBLISHING INTERNSHIPS. The Nation Institute in cooperation with *The Nation* sponsors a comprehensive intern program for students and recent college graduates interested in magazine journalism. Applicants should send a cover letter and résumé, two writing samples and two recommendations to: The Nation Internship Program, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE NATION ASSOCIATES

Nation Associates are committed supporters of *The Nation* who donate what they can annually to help keep *The Nation* a strong, independent voice. Associates receive "The Nation Associate" newsletter, announcements of special events and discounts on selected books. We invite you to join The Nation Associates and support *The Nation*.

For information: Sandra Zickefoose, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, (212) 242-8400. Make checks payable to "Nation Associates."

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion OH 43305

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1-800-669-1002*
8:30 am to 8:30 pm EST

*Please note this number is for subscriber **inquiries** only.

pened. We have achieved our number one stated goal of the Panama invasion: Noriega has agreed to surrender to the US. He is on his way right now to Miami where he will be arraigned to stand trial.

Before going to press room to act like he was announcing good news, Prez had a fit. Was so mad he threw his bust of Martin Van Buren on the floor. "I can't believe it," he said. "We've snatched Dean Martin from the jaws of Vic Damone!" □

Crack

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

direction of black politics and the problem of drug prohibition. Barry, like so many black men in Washington, apparently had succumbed to crack. Crack, in turn, is at the heart of what some call, with excessive sociological detachment, "the new male-centered morbidity." Certainly the statistics are as familiar as they are grim. By 1987 more than half of the 400-plus homicides in Washington were classified as drug related. Seventy-five percent of the victims and 86 percent of the assailants were black males.

Most young blacks, of course, are not part of this criminal subculture. "A lot of young people are looking for ways to involve themselves in society," says one black media professional. "But it's a very difficult thing to do in Washington." The Washington chapter of the Nation of Islam tried to do something. The black nationalist group, whose leader is the Rev. Louis Farrakhan, conducted a successful drive to rid Mayfair Mansions, a local apartment complex, of petty drug entrepreneurs and their violence. The key to their success was black pride, including a self-conscious distancing from the white community. When it came to drugs the Nation of Islam was a much better role model than Marion Barry.

But such a black-led effort was not considered credible by the city's influential white minority. When the City Council passed a resolution praising the Nation of Islam for its work at Mayfair Mansions, much of the news media and white political leadership reacted with anger. They criticized Farrakhan's controversial remarks about Jews—remarks that had nothing to do with either Washington or drugs. In its war on drugs the executive branch is not interested in recruits who pledge allegiance to a black man, however effective his program may be. In the 1990s black youths are unlikely to enlist in antidrug efforts under such circumstances.

But the alienation of young black males from the white man's war on drugs is only the most visible and dangerous symptom of black alienation from the political system. This larger alienation is due in no small part to the exhaustion of the civil rights leadership of the 1960s. The career of Marion Barry is very much a case in point.

Barry came to District of Columbia politics as a veteran of the civil rights movement. He was elected a school board member in 1971 and chair of the City Council in 1975. He

Research assistance for this article was provided by Jody Berger, The Nation's *Washington intern.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arrived as a power broker that year when the incumbent Mayor, Walter Washington, considered a franchise tax to close the budget deficit. Barry helped defeat the tax and won the gratitude of the city's mostly white business leaders.

Barry was elected Mayor in 1978. Two conventional, middle-class black politicians split the middle-class black vote while Barry put together a coalition of civil rights activists, good-government liberals and gays. He had money from the business community and the endorsement of *The Washington Post*. His first years in office were characterized by "exemplary administrative reforms," says Howard Gillette, a professor at George Washington University. In practical terms, Barry's accommodation to the city's moneyed interests was matched by a commitment to delivering services to the city's black majority.

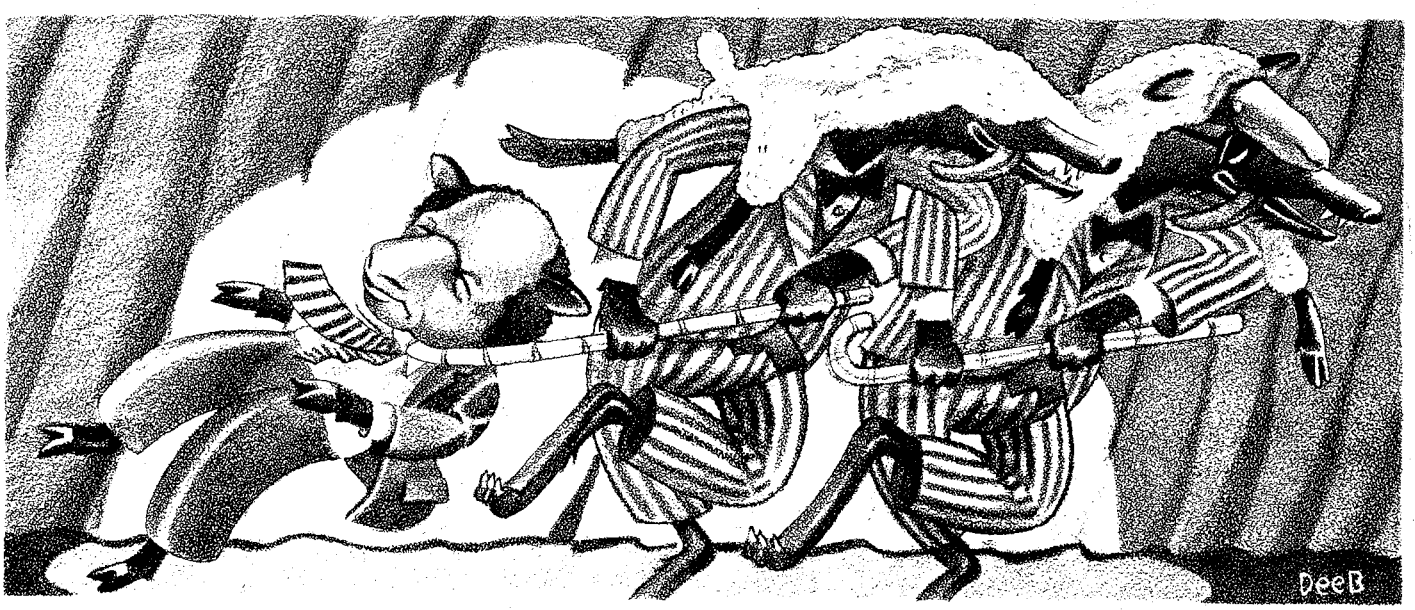
In philosophical terms, however, what distinguished Barry from the city's traditional black leadership, according to Gillette, was his waning interest in traditional civil rights politics. He became, in Gillette's words, "openly impatient" with the goal of "achieving integration in all phases of life." As time passed, Barry relied more and more on his working-class black electoral base and less on his civil rights allies and agenda. The civil rights agenda that he had fought for in the 1960s had largely been implemented. The white-dominated federal government adopted integration as a nominal public policy goal, and blacks were now widely employed in the local and federal bureaucracies. The Burger Court modified some of the landmark decisions of the Warren Court but the legislative achievements of the civil rights revolution remained intact. By the mid-1980s, even Ronald Reagan managed to sign a bill making Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday a national holiday.

None of this did much to change the precarious economic position of large portions of the black community. Barry's Washington, sustained to a great extent by the federal payroll, was less vulnerable to economic downturns than most other black-majority cities. But the city's large black middle class drifted from the District to the Maryland and Virginia suburbs; neither a black government nor the civil rights legislation of the 1960s protected those left behind.

Barry was re-elected in 1982, and his willingness to identify himself as the "black candidate" was no small part of the reason. The white establishment—including traditional civil rights organizations, white liberals and elite media pundits—and the black bourgeoisie rallied to the candidacy of Patricia Roberts Harris, who had been Secretary of Housing and Urban Development under President Carter. Harris was of a working-class background herself, but Barry successfully insinuated that he was "more black," that he had more in common with the average black person than this light-skinned black woman. Barry's appeals to black racial solidarity were more tactful than, say, Lee Atwater's appeals to white racial solidarity with his Willie Horton spots during the 1988 presidential campaign, but they were effective nonetheless. Barry trounced Harris.

In Barry's second term his personal problems started attracting attention. He was reportedly seen tooting cocaine in a downtown strip joint. His most trusted and independent adviser, another veteran civil rights activist, Ivanhoe Donaldson, was arrested and convicted of diverting city funds for personal use. Barry's romances with various women to whom he was not married provoked gossip but no serious Democratic primary opposition when he ran again in 1986. His large campaign fund (coming primarily from real-estate interests) scared off would-be competitors. In the general election, Barry was opposed by Carol Schwartz, a Republican and a competent white reformer on the City Council with significant support in the black community. Barry was never in danger of losing, but Schwartz attracted a respectable 39 percent of the vote.

By the beginning of his third term, Barry had no political agenda other than patronage. He doled out city jobs and consulting contracts to black allies. He gave a shot in the arm to the black business community by setting aside 38 percent of city contracts for minority businesses, but this left too many black enterprises dependent on government dollars. Barry had no vision of how to increase black economic self-sufficiency.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the arrival of crack in 1985, drug entrepreneurship became a primary means of social and economic opportunity in many black neighborhoods. When a major drug lord was arrested last year, the *Washington Afro-American* noted, "The conviction of Rayful Edmond has caused many in the District to be a little nervous."

The spread of crack economies occurred in underdeveloped areas all across the country during the late Reagan years. Crack spread from New York in early 1985 to every part of the country in less than five years. The high-velocity crack trade appeared in sleepy Appalachian towns as well as redlined urban areas. In Washington, this creeping capitalism hit during Marion Barry's watch. In a forgivable but profound failure of political imagination, the Mayor had no creative policy responses.

Instead, Barry's patronage led to corruption. In addition to Donaldson, at least ten of Barry's appointees were caught and convicted of kickback schemes of one kind or another. City services fell into disarray. Ambulances got lost en route to emergencies and snow went unplowed. The summer jobs program for youth was a shambles. And all the while, the violence associated with the drug trade escalated, contributing to a sense that the city was out of control. When Barry was arrested on January 18, his credibility as a black political leader seemed hopelessly tarnished.

"He's finished. At least I hope he's finished," says Carolyn Gibson, a community activist in the Langston neighborhood of northeast Washington. Gibson, with the support of the Mayor, helped kill plans to build a football stadium on the grounds of a popular public golf course. "It's sad that it came down the way it did. But I have three sons and he has given an ambiguous message on drugs." Yet on *The Cathy Hughes Show*, one of the city's more popular radio talk shows, numerous callers still supported the Mayor. "Barry is a strong African-American man and that's not really respected by the Caucasian community," said one caller, the owner of a printing shop.

Two powerful currents of black thought merged in the Barry affair. One pervasive view is that drugs are a white conspiracy to ruin the black community. The other is the longstanding fear among Washington blacks of The Plan, an alleged white scheme to regain control of the city. The Rev. George Stallings, founder of a breakaway black Catholic church in Washington, told parishioners that Barry's arrest was part of "America's demonic agenda" to discredit powerful black leaders. Stallings's remarks were greeted with loud applause.

Talk of white demons and conspiracy is a reflection of the widespread conviction that white influence on the city's politics is both strong and hidden. In the Barry affair, white power has exposed itself in the form of external power brought to bear by agencies of the executive branch. The justification is the drug war. To many whites in Washington, this exercise of power goes under the noble heading of "law enforcement" and receives dutiful and often gleeful support. Among black people, however, suspicions run deep.

It was Barry's taste for a criminalized substance that gave executive branch law enforcement agencies their opening. The F.B.I., culminating an eight-year investigation of Barry, persuaded one of the Mayor's longtime women companions to betray him. Rasheeda Moore, a model who has graced the covers of national fashion magazines, called Barry from a hotel room in Washington and asked the Mayor to stop by. He did, and hidden cameras filmed him smoking crack.

The agents of the executive branch secretly observing the scene believed that their mission was much broader than denying the Mayor his pleasure. Had Barry entered the room of his beloved on the seventh floor of the Vista Hotel and proceeded to get high on Johnny Walker Red, the F.B.I. agents would have been gravely disappointed. Nor did they view their mission as helping him come to grips with his drug abuse problems. If Barry had guzzled Scotch instead of smoking crack, the F.B.I. agents would not have emerged from the closet and said, "Marion, you need help." They would have bided their time. Their mission was nothing less than the restoration of integrity to the local government, which they defined as the removal of a black elected official from office.

The Barry affair thus clarifies the meaning of drug prohibition for black politicians. Just as Barry must now get over his personal drug problem, so too must black leaders get over their collective denial about the drug war issue: They must no longer pretend that the drug war, as waged by the White House, will not disproportionately punish blacks. Prominent black politicians, like Jesse Jackson and Representative Charles Rangel, seem to believe that they can wrest control of the drug war from the executive branch and fight it in a slightly more humane fashion. "Up with Hope, Down with Dope" would replace "Just Say No" as the national slogan.

But Barry's arrest shows just how little influence black politicians actually have on the conduct of the drug war. In the wake of the sting, the leadership of the N.A.A.C.P. charged that black elected officials are special targets of law enforcement agencies all across the country. If black leaders are concerned about this selective law enforcement, then they more than anyone need to be concerned about the government's war on drugs. At a minimum, the rhetoric of the drug war, almost universally addictive in the political class, must be used with considerable caution by black political leaders. Marsha Rosenbaum of the National Council of Crime and Delinquency puts it well when she says that serious efforts to deal with drug-related problems must "focus on what works, rather than what we *want* to work."

United States Attorney Jay Stephens, a young George Bush, knows what works in his drug war: barely concealed threats. For example, Stephens let it be known that he was willing to cease his pursuit of Barry on the condition that the Mayor resign. This gesture was a presumptuous attempt by an unelected federal official to determine the political leadership of a supposedly sovereign city.

Barry, it should be remembered, has been charged with possession of crack, a misdemeanor that is not even the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 18% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Send me a half year (24 issues) for $15.
☐ My payment is enclosed.
☐ Please bill me later.

For new subscribers only.
Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION, BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

D0B3S-X

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral equivalent of drunk driving. Congressmen have been convicted of drunk driving in recent years, among them Dan Rostenkowski, chair of the House Ways and Means Committee. Senior federal officials have had alcohol problems; one recent example is Michael Deaver, a White House adviser dear to Ronald and Nancy Reagan. But none have been pressured to resign their posts by executive branch law enforcement officials operating elaborate, taxpayer-financed stakeouts.

"The first thing that black leaders must understand is that black leadership is under attack and has been from the very beginning and will be for the foreseeable future," says Ron Walters, professor of government at Howard University and an occasional adviser to Jesse Jackson. "Barry gave his enemies the ammunition they needed."

The F.B.I. has a long record of institutional racism dating back at least to the days of bugging Martin Luther King's hotel rooms; recent incidents involve systematic harassment of black agents. "We would be kidding ourselves," says Walters, "if we didn't think that a 70 percent black city is especially vulnerable to outside interference."

The drug war allows executive branch policy-makers to expand their powers in the District of Columbia and elsewhere. William Bennett staked his drug czarship and his barely concealed national political ambitions on waging the drug war, but he didn't go after white and Latino bankers in Miami. His first action was to speed up the evictions of blacks suspected of using or dealing drugs from public housing in Washington.

The District's National Guard is not under the control of local elected officials, as elsewhere in the country. It is overseen by Pentagon officials. These men, mostly white, have deployed the Guard in black neighborhoods to board up crack houses and evict alleged drug users. The Pentagon knows that black people resent such intrusions. When *CBS News* did a story on the Guard's role in the drug war, it agreed to censor the faces of the troops to protect them from retaliation.

Marion Barry has checked into a Florida clinic to treat his substance-abuse problems. So far he has not said whether he will resign or run for re-election this fall. But whatever happens, the race provides a new opportunity to deal with drug-related problems in the city and the nation. The announced candidates are a competent but not inspiring bunch. City Council chair Dave Clarke is a white good-government liberal who has won citywide support in the past but lacks roots in the black community. John Ray is a former Council member with citywide support. Another Council member, Charlene Drew Jarvis, has a strong following in mostly middle-class wards but has not proved herself as a citywide vote-getter. Sharon Pratt Dixon is a local corporate executive with substantial support in establishment circles.

Jesse Jackson, who told *New York Times* columnist A.M. Rosenthal that he will not run, prevails over the pack in the polls. But Jesse has to be careful. "Do you think Jesse Jackson should run for Mayor of the District, or not?" the *Post* asked 661 District residents on the night after Barry's arrest. Fifty-three percent of blacks in the nation's capital said Jackson should not run. A higher percentage of whites than blacks favor a Jackson candidacy.

Another possibility is that new candidates will enter the race. City Administrator Carol Thompson, who has taken over the day-to-day management of the city, is widely respected but has said she will not run. The name of Reed Tuckson, a young physician who just resigned as the city's Health Commissioner to join the National March of Dimes, comes up often.

"He would be great," says Carolyn Gibson, "if he can handle the politics." Walters says, "He's an attractive young man who has proven his commitment to community and proven his skill in managing bureaucracy. He's been in the rough-and-tumble of budget politics. He's also a fresh face. And a lot of people are looking for that."

The desire for a fresh face is, at least among black progressive activists, a reflection of their keen awareness that the world has entered a new historical period. The post-Reagan years are already characterized by shifting international economic power and by the difficulty nations now face in determining their economic fates. How black communities should respond to these macroeconomic events is a crucial question.

In Washington there seem to be three imperatives for black leadership in the wake of the Barry Affair:

§ Forging the managerial leadership that can deliver services without financial scandal. "I think management of the city is getting better," says Kenneth Tollett, distinguished professor of education at Howard University, who remains a strong supporter of the Mayor. "But we are more of an entrepreneurial people than a managerial people, and we can do better."

§ Appealing to the black base. When Barry boasted to the *Los Angeles Times* just before his arrest that he would win 65 percent of the vote in a re-election campaign, he was not far off the political mark. Even after his arrest, Barry was running even with or ahead of other announced candidates in the race. Local reporters sometimes speak of Barry's uncanny ability to survive, but for Barry to survive as long as he has is less a tribute to his political deftness than a reflection of the racial and social reality of the city.

§ But most important, the black community in Washington and elsewhere must force a change in the way the drug scourge is being fought. One way of doing this would be to embrace the drug legalization policy promulgated by Baltimore's black Mayor, Kurt Schmoke. If nothing else, this would eliminate the favorite pretext of federal law enforcement agencies for swooping down on local politicians. At a minimum, the federal model of the drug war must be challenged by blacks everywhere.

Right now Marion Barry shouldn't be thinking about anything but recovering from his drug problem. If he can, and if he cares to return to public life, he will be in a good position to advance a new drug policy. His recovery would be a telling demonstration of the survival of the black male. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 225*)
position to its economic policies, which are likely to cause further unemployment and reduced wages. The government may also justify crackdowns, on grounds of security, against independent left intellectuals or people involved in popular organizing. The crucial question is not whether the Public Force is a police force or an army but how it acts.

Ironically, those most opposed to demilitarization are nationalists and others on the left, who fear that such a move would make it that much easier for the United States to argue that it should not relinquish its bases, as is required by the 1977 Carter-Torrijos treaties. It is worth noting that the ultraconservative Committee of Santa Fe, whose 1980 document served as a blueprint for the Reagan Administration's Latin America policy, stated in 1988 in "Santa Fe II," which anticipated a post-Noriega Panama, "Once a democratic regime is in place . . . discussion should begin on a realistic defense of the Canal after the year 2000. Those talks should include the United States' retention of limited facilities in Panama . . . for proper force projection throughout the Western Hemisphere." A U.S. military officer and a European military attaché who talked with me assumed that the United States will seek to keep the bases.

Those of us who welcome Panama's chance to abolish the military should be aware that those most eager to do that are members of the new government and the business community, and that those most wary of the proposal are on the left. Nevertheless, the possibility of demilitarization should not be hostage to defense of the canal.

In fact, the canal is largely indefensible. A Panamanian force could not protect it from air or missile attack. A determined group of terrorists could stop it from functioning by destroying the locks or dams, or by attacking ships passing through it until insurance companies would no longer provide coverage. The best guarantee for the canal would be a stable Panama.

The issue of U.S. bases is likely to come up repeatedly in the 1990s. In the United States, it will be important to keep the discussion honest, to prevent talk of defending the canal from serving as a smokescreen for "proper force projection"—that is, attacking or intimidating revolutionary movements or governments in Central and South America.

In the meantime, Panama just might choose not to have an army. If the circumstances are ambiguous, they are scarcely less so than they were in Costa Rica forty-two years ago. Although Costa Rica is by no means a model society, few Costa Ricans of any political persuasion, including the left, believe they would be better off with an army.

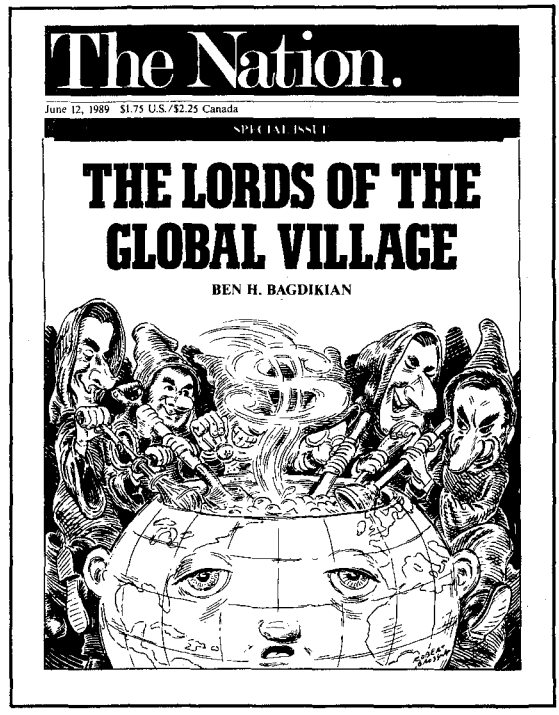
Sometimes the law of unintended effects can work benevolently.

PHILLIP BERRYMAN

Phillip Berryman served as a Catholic priest in Panama City barrios from 1965 to 1973. He visited Panama in January on behalf of the American Friends Service Committee.

An Offer to Educators, Students and Readers

—BULK ORDERS—



In this special issue of *The Nation*, Ben H. Bagdikian assesses the alarming growth of the communications corporation, the shrinking of the media universe and the consequent threat to "freedom and diversity in global news, information and culture." Join Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, as he follows the trail of the media giants in their march around the world. See how they amass, homogenize, dominate and devour. Meet a gallery of media barons, from the obscure Reinhard Mohn to the notorious Rupert Murdoch.

1 - 9 copies	$3.00 each
10 - 49 copies	$2.00 each
50 - 99 copies	$1.50 each
100 - 249 copies	$1.25 each
250 or more copies	$1.00 each

Prepayment is required (price includes postage).

ORDER FORM

Send me _____ copies of The Nation Special Issue, *The Lords of the Global Village*. I enclose $_____ payment in full.*

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE

* Mail check or money order to The Nation, Box A, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (U.S. currency only. N.Y. State residents please add sales tax). All sales are final.

9007

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Prejudices: Last Series

RICHARD LINGEMAN

THE DIARY OF H.L. MENCKEN. *Edited by Charles A. Fecher. Alfred A. Knopf. 476 pp. $30.*

The publication of H.L. Mencken's *Diary* has created a minor tempest. Advance stories about the Sage of Baltimore's alleged racial and religious prejudices appeared on the heels of exposés in *The New York Times*, *The Village Voice* and *The New York Review of Books* of the anti-Semitism of T.S. Eliot and Joseph Campbell. The *Diary* had been under "time-lock" until 1981, at Mencken's request; now, after a lapse of nine more years, it has been published in an abridged edition. This protracted inaccessibility (it was open to scholars after 1981 on a read-but-don't-quote basis) may have contributed to the rumors that the *Diary* revealed a heretofore hidden, dark side of Mencken's character (no matter that his prejudices had been discussed by several biographers). *The New York Times* published a brace of Op-Ed pieces on the *Diary*, and these provoked a number of letters. If they represent a fair sampling of public opinion, a lot of people think Mencken's name should be stricken from the rolls of American literature.

Was Mencken a bigot? Before I tackle that question, a few words about the nature of the *Diary*. The first entry was made in 1930, the last in 1948, not long before Mencken suffered the massive stroke that left him unable to read or write, just about the cruelest punishment that God, whom Mencken dubbed the Great Comedian, could have devised for His infidel servant. During the period covered by the *Diary* Mencken's reputation was in partial eclipse. At the dawn of the 1930s, he was still riding high. In 1930 one of his best books, *Treatise on the Gods*, appeared. That same year, at the age of 50, he married Sara Haardt, a writer from Montgomery, Alabama, who was eighteen years younger than he. By his account it was an extremely happy marriage, but Sara, long afflicted with tuberculosis, died in 1935, leaving Mencken bereft. (He writes in the *Diary* that not a day goes by that he does not think of her.)

In 1933, faced with plummeting circulation—babbittry, buncombe and the maundering of the rev. clergy were no longer pressing issues to the college students who had made up much of *The American Mercury*'s readership—Mencken resigned as its editor; his day had passed. He went on to write his nostalgic "Days" books, which first appeared as pieces in *The New Yorker*, and labored on two supplements to his greatest opus, *The American Language*. He was a director of the Baltimore *Sunpapers* and participated actively in corporate affairs, but he stopped writing for the *Sun*, his home paper, because of his violent disagreement with its pro-Roosevelt editorial line. (He believed that the paper had abandoned its adversarial role and become an outlet for government press releases; he wanted it to stand in "chronic opposition to the reigning quacks." After all, *he* had lambasted every President from Wilson to Hoover.) During World War II he wrote long, unpublished diatribes against Roosevelt, who he believed had maneuvered the United States into the conflict, just as Woodrow Wilson had done in 1917. After suffering a mild stroke in 1947, Mencken, a lifelong hypochondriac, devoted many of the *Diary*'s last pages to discussions of his infirmities and his depressing inability to write. He stoically contemplated a future that promised either a lengthy illness or what he hoped would be a quick death.

Charles A. Fecher, the editor of the *Diary* and a Mencken scholar, says he has cut about two-thirds of what Mencken originally wrote, which ran to more than half a million words. Most of the cuts relate to business affairs of the *Sunpapers*, including lengthy accounts of labor negotiations, in which Mencken, as anti-union as they come, played a principal role. Other cuts, Fecher says, are of repetitious entries and derogatory remarks about people who are still alive. Having read parts of the *Diary* in manuscript, I note that some brief items of hearsay about people now dead, including Alfred A. Knopf, have also been cut.

Mencken was an inveterate gossip, in the best sense, which is what makes the *Diary* so engaging as literary history. True, we already know more than enough about Sinclair Lewis's boozing from Mark Schorer's biography, and the Fitzgeralds' marital problems from Nancy Milford's *Zelda*; but the anecdotes about those doomed souls are good. The book is a cornucopia of portraits of a wide range of literary, political and journalistic figures of the 1930s. And, of course, in the background there is the dynamo of Mencken's mind humming away, throwing off sparks of wit and cynicism.

The *Diary* was written hastily, so the prose is not as burnished as Mencken's best writings, but the entries, some quite long, are shaped narratives and there is freshness and spontaneity to his observations. His immediate, personal reactions to major events in his life (such as the death of his wife) are absent, however. Although fond of his wife, his brother August and his numerous Baltimore cronies, Mencken seems a remote man, inwardly aloof, even cold, and he does not reveal his deepest emotions. Despite those reticences, the *Diary* offers new insights into the mind of Henry Louis Mencken, one of the shrewdest and worldliest minds of all American writers and critics. It also starkly highlights the limitations of that mind.

Which brings us back to the question posed at the outset: Was he a bigot? Fecher answers it categorically with regard to Jews: "Let it be said at once, clearly and unequivocally: Mencken was an anti-Semite." Fecher also finds him guilty of a racist condescension toward blacks. Regarding the anti-Semitic statements sprinkled throughout the text, he concludes, "About all one can do is ask the reader simply to accept the fact and pass on."

Still, it is worth pausing over what Mencken did say. The references to Jews are indeed couched in the familiar lingo of prejudice. He cannot, it seems, refer to a Jew without calling him a "smart Jew" (didn't he meet any dumb Jews or smart Christians?). But when one reads the context of the remarks, the adjective is not always derogatory in effect. Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, is described as "more than 50 percent quack, but nevertheless there is a shrewd Jew in him at bottom, and I am inclined to believe that his services to American medicine have been extremely valuable." Lawrence Spivak, later the creator of *Meet the Press*, is "a young Harvard Jew." In 1933 Spivak became business manager of the foundering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Mercury and in the following year offered to purchase it from Alfred A. Knopf's publishing house. In the entry, Mencken approves of the offer and of Spivak as well.

In the same entry, however, occurs another stereotype that is more revealing. It refers to Charles Angoff, who had been Mencken's managing editor at *The American Mercury* in the 1920s, when Mencken was the most influential social critic in America. After Mencken and a subsequent editor left, Angoff took the helm pro tem and gave the rudder a hard turn to the left in hopes of catching the prevailing intellectual wind. But Mencken was not appreciative. He writes, "Like most of the other young Jewish intellectuals (but unlike Spivak), Angoff inclines to Communism, and he has printed a number of ranting book reviews and other pieces whooping it up."

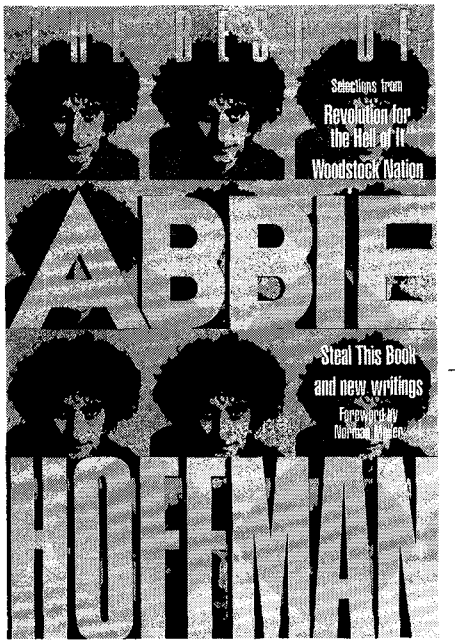
Elsewhere, Mencken speaks of clubs barring Jews from membership, observing in one instance that it meant he could not invite a friend, the psychiatrist Alan Guttmacher, to lunch at his own club. His failure to express disapproval could be taken as a sign he accepted the practice. He notes that the Saturday Night Club, a Baltimore group that regularly met to play classical music, had two Jews in it, and they got along all right with the German-descended members.

The most offensive statement is the description of two Jewish businessmen as "dreadful kikes." It would be naïve to say that because Mencken admired Jewish culture and scholarship and had many Jewish friends he was devoid of anti-Semitism; yet, on the whole, his remarks do not reflect a sweeping hostility to the race.

And to Mencken, Jews *were* a "race"—as were Germans, Anglo-Saxons, blacks, Irish and other peoples—with inbred character traits. This outlook was the product of the nineteenth-century social philosophers he read as a young man and who permanently shaped his thinking, particularly Herbert Spencer, Friedrich Nietzsche and William Graham Sumner.

And so Mencken associated character traits with ethnic labels. He makes a glancing reference to Irish traitorousness and dwells on the slothfulness of the Anglo-Saxon "race," exemplified by Southern poor whites. His quarrel with the Anglo-Saxon "race" is a special case with a complicated history. According to Douglas C. Stenerson, in *H.L. Mencken: Iconoclast From Baltimore*, it had its origins in Mencken's childhood, when he

"Hilarious as well as painful... Abbie's reflections in *The Best of Abbie Hoffman* [show us] the life he lived and the legend it begat. All Power to the Imagination was his credo. Abbie was the best." —STUDS TERKEL



With selections from *Revolution for the Hell of It, Woodstock Nation, Steal This Book,* and new writings, THE BEST OF ABBIE HOFFMAN spans Hoffman's entire career, from his earliest to his last writings. Includes unpublished speeches and never-before-seen photographs. 440 pages; 12 pages photos; illustrated; clothbound

At your local bookstore or to order directly from the publisher send check or money order to Four Walls Eight Windows, P.O. Box 548, New York, NY 10014. Or call toll-free 1-800-835-2246 (ext. 123).

ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE YOUR COPY POSTAGE PAID

Please send _____ copies of THE BEST OF ABBIE HOFFMAN at $21.95 each.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

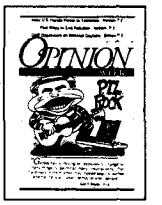
CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

FOUR WALLS EIGHT WINDOWS

Introducing: A New Liberal Voice

OPINION WEEK



OPINION WEEK reprints current syndicated, editorial commentary by over 36 influential columnists and America's most talented cartoonists – all with liberal viewpoints.

Enjoy A Pantheon of Pundits

Follow every column, as a rule, by Mary McGrory, David Broder, Tom Wicker, Colman McCarthy, Richard Cohen, Ellen Goodman, Jesse Jackson, Linda Ellerbee, Jimmy Breslin.

And humorists Art Buchwald, Russell Baker, Mark Russell, Dave Barry, Andy Rooney.

Plus Bob Greene, Mike Royko, Coretta Scott King, Murray Kempton, Neal Peirce, Ralph Nader, Max Lerner, Michael Kinsley, Les Payne, Sandy Grady, Carl Rowan, Nat Hentoff.

As well as most columns by James Hoagland, Germond and Witcover, William Raspberry, Lars-Erik Nelson, Anthony Lewis, Hobart Rowen, Chris Matthews, William Schneider, Roger Simon, William Pfaff.

Discover A Thousand Points of Bite

Every week, delight in the barbs by Feiffer, Oliphant, Conrad, Herblock, Marlette, Wasserman, Szep, Peters, Mauldin, Borgman, Summers, Sack, and a dozen other cartoonists.

Just $36 for one year, 52 issues

Tabloid size • *Reference Guide* • No paid ads • By subscription only

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE on unmailed issues

Call Toll-Free:
800-666-4955
(Business Hours CTZ)

OPINION WEEK
P.O. BOX 11299-A
DES MOINES, IA 50340-1299

❒ YES, Start my trial subscription (1 YR. $36)

Name _____

Address _____

Charge ❒VISA ❒MC ❒Check Enclosed ❒ Bill Me

_____ Exp. _____

Published by LIVING HISTORY, INC.
Educational reprints since 1960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

competed against Anglo-Saxon children in school and heard his father denounce them as improvident. His father, a paterfamilias of the old school, also complained about the upper-class bluenoses of Anglo-American stock who closed the beer gardens on Sunday. The early 1900s saw an upsurge of chauvinism among Americans of British descent. Imbued with a fierce familial and ethnic pride, Mencken would go on to battle the literary bluenoses and puritans who served as guardians of the Genteel Tradition.

Mencken's Anglophobia and pro-German sentiments placed him in vociferous opposition to the Wilson Administration's pro-British neutrality during the early years of World War I. After the United States entered the conflict, he became an intellectual exile, his political opinions banned from the *Sun* and his books reviled by patriotic reviewers. (In the *Diary* he notes the similarity of his position in 1942: "My ideas are so unpopular that it is impossible, as it was from 1915 to 1920, for me to print them.")

His attitude toward blacks was influenced by the prevailing Old South culture in Baltimore, but he showed far greater tolerance than the average Southerner of that day. In the *Diary* he could write that black women "are all essentially childlike, and even hard experience does not teach them anything." There are scattered other remarks in this vein, and a long, approving sketch about a black man who is fixing up his home—an example of the kind of hard-working, thrifty, bourgeois property-owner he regarded as the ideal citizen.

More damning statements can be found in Mencken's other writings. In a review of a book of essays by black intellectuals, he writes, "The vast majority of the people of their race are but two or three inches removed from gorillas." But he praised the essays; was friendly with Walter White, James Weldon Johnson and George Schuyler; published them and other black writers in *The Mercury* and carried on a vigorous campaign against lynching, which won him considerable hatred on Maryland's Eastern Shore, a backwater of racism.

His fullest views on the race question are perhaps contained in a letter to Walter White, founder of the N.A.A.C.P., written in 1943:

> I believe with George Schuyler that the only really feasible way to improve the general situation of the American Negro is to convince more and more whites that he is, as men go in this world, a decent fellow, and that amicable living with him is not only possible but desirable. Every threat of mass political pressure, every appeal to political mountebanks, only alarms the white brother, and so postpones the day of reasonable justice. The immediate problem is not to get more and more gaudy jobs for professional Negroes—including, for example, that of admiral in the Navy—nor is it to force the doors of hotels, clubs and stores that only the rich could patronize; it is not even to get useless (and probably venal) votes for a horde of poor black ignoramuses in the South. It is to protect the Negro, if it can be done, against the inevitable attempt of white competitors on the lower levels to dispose of him by outrage and murder. . . . The war industries have brought in huge gangs of barbaric white crackers from the South and on their heels have come other gangs of black refugees from Southern White Christianity. It is not hard to figure out what will happen when the flood of government money runs out, and these two gangs begin fighting for the marginal jobs.

For all its "go-slow" conservatism, the statement shows a shrewd (and still valid) insight into the economic roots of prejudice. Shortly before his last stroke, Mencken wrote a letter to the *Sun* protesting the arrests of some whites and blacks who had played tennis together in a Baltimore park.

In the late 1930s, when, in the face of Hitler's outrages, some Jewish leaders began to speak out against persecution at home and abroad, Mencken's instinctive reaction was again, "Go slow." He warned that such protests would stir up the animals, the native anti-Semites. He told the critic Benjamin de Casseres, "I am still convinced that the uproar being made by Jews in this country is doing them far more harm than good. A very definite anti-Semitic movement is gathering force behind the door, and whenever a convenient opportunity offers it will bust out. At that time you may trust me to mount the battlements and holler for the Chosen."

Mencken was pro-German in the sense of retaining deep emotional and cultural ties to the land of his ancestors, but he was anti-Hitler, dismissing the Führer as another quack politician and the Nazis as "a gang of lunatics." In a 1933 letter declining an invitation to join a German-American society supporting the new regime, he said that Hitler had irreparably damaged Germany's chances of rejoining the community of nations and that he could not condone the Nazis "so long as the chief officer of the German state continues to make speeches worthy of an Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan."

He was repelled by the rabble-rousers of the 1930s, such as Father Coughlin, whom he denounced, and Gerald L.K. Smith, founder of the America First Committee. Mencken labeled Smith a "champion boob-thumper" but was interested in him as a political specimen, suspecting he might go far. In a talk with Smith in 1937, recorded in the *Diary*, he asks him point-blank if he is anti-Semitic. Smith denies that he is, but Mencken doesn't believe him: "Gerald is preparing to get aboard the great anti-Semitic movement now rolling up in New York."

In short, Mencken opposed anti-

LOOKING UP

How bright the blues are in this latter
summer through which news keeps vanishing
without having appeared but we know
the days as we know the clouds not by name
nor by where they are going the gardens

of the old are like that where every hope
that brought them together is no
more to be seen the stones raised beside
water not after all signifying
length of life but the untouchable

blue place beyond us in which stones are
days as you can see watching the old
at work in their gardens that are never
what they appear to be but already
perfect and transparent as the day is

W.S. Merwin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Semitism but was oblivious to signs of it in himself. Thus his initial response to the rising phenomenon of persecution of Jews in the 1930s was to blame the victim. In 1933, he wrote in *The Mercury*, "The disadvantage of the Jew is that, to simple men, he often seems a kind of foreigner. . . . Many of the current Jewish leaders in this country are very loud and brassy fellows." In 1935, however, he tells de Casseres that he wishes someone would write a "really scientific book on anti-Semitism," adding, "My belief, often expressed, is that the Jews probably deserve their troubles, but if you ask me to say categorically *why* they deserve them I can't answer you." That is an odd statement coming from a man who had opinions on practically everything. Perhaps he was beginning to comprehend the untenability of the opinions he held.

Mencken was an elitist who believed that democracy was government by the rabble, a plot by boobs to bring the superior man down to their level. As a social Darwinist, he opposed programs to help the poor. He scorned the "uplifters" and "world-savers" of the New Deal, and his writings during the 1930s were cantankerously critical of politicians to the left of Alf Landon (whom he supported for the presidency in 1936, for good Menckenian reasons: "He works hard, says little, and pays his debts").

Given his political opinions, it's not surprising that Mencken was strongly anti-Communist, which brings us back to his rancor against Jewish radicals. His stereotype of Jews tending toward radicalism had some truth—but in his own heritage there were the "Forty-eighters," the German revolutionaries who brought the socialist virus to America in the 1850s. His particular prejudice may have been exacerbated by his quarrels with Angoff, who began attacking his mentor's conservatism before Mencken resigned as editor. (Angoff later wrote a memoir of his years with Mencken, portraying him as irascible and over the hill.)

Mencken's contempt for radicalism and his libertarian ideas that government had no business meddling in economic matters or abridging personal liberty were learned at his father's knee and tempered by excommunication during World War I. He never saw any reason to change those beliefs. As he once said with as much truth as exaggeration, "On all known subjects, from aviation to xylophone playing, I have fixed and invariable ideas. They have not changed since I was four or five years old." As he contentedly wrote in *Happy Days*, he was "a larva of the comfortable and complacent bourgeoisie." In his heart, Mencken was the compleat bourgeois, and his political values stressed order, stability, paternalism and looking after one's own. Save for the five years of his marriage, he lived all his life in his father's house at 1524 Hollins Street, and he honored his father's values. In 1945 he wrote what could be his epitaph: "The one obligation I recognize in this world is my duty to my immediate family. We should be, taken together, completely self-sustaining. We should go out of the world at the end having paid our way in it in full." □

The Children and the Flame

MICHAEL UGARTE

MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE. *By Ariel Dorfman. Viking. 167 pp. $17.95.*

Consider a passage from Mother Goose that appears as an epigraph for the title story of Ariel Dorfman's new collection of short narratives in English translation, *My House Is on Fire*: "Lady bug, lady bug,/Fly away home./Your house is on fire./Your children will burn." From the perspective of the child, what does this gentle ladybug represent—that is, of course, if she is gentle? Is she a mirror image of the child, or a mother figure? What is the significance for the child of the ladybug's house? What thoughts kindle the speaker's sense of urgency and fear that the house is on fire? And how does the child read that curious semantic contradiction, "Fly away home"? Questions such as these on the nature of fairy tales and children's rhymes are difficult, and although there have been many attempts by psychiatrists, psychologists, anthropologists and literary critics to offer responses, the meanings remain mysterious.

As a Chilean, a writer of fiction, a professor, an activist who worked to elect Salvador Allende and later participated in his government, and as an exile, Dorfman may not provide answers, but he continues to ask pressing questions about the children of dictatorship and their families. He has always been concerned with images and myths that serve political ends, and what better foci to study these cultural artifacts than those embedded in the minds of children and adolescents: Donald Duck and the entire gamut of Disney characters; Superman; the Lone Ranger; and even *Reader's Digest*, which, as Dorfman explained in his *The Empire's Old Clothes*, infantalizes its readers in offensive and oppressive ways. These were the objects of Dorfman's scrutiny in his early essays, and in his fiction he has continued to approach political problems through the perspective and study of the young mind (as in his most ambitious novel, *The Last Song of Manuel Sendero*, in which would-be children rebel by refusing to be born until adults buckle down and solve the world's problems).

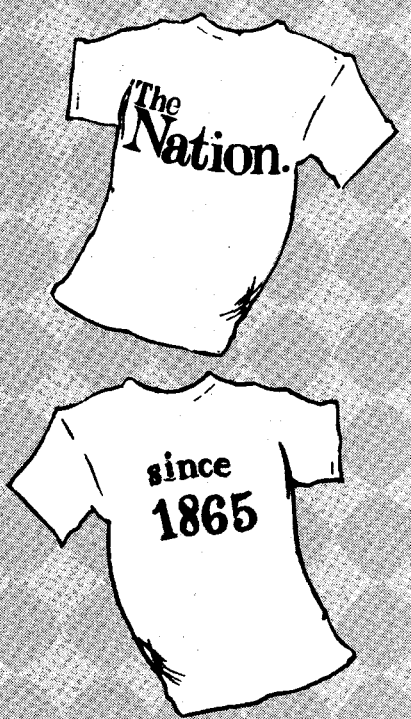
My House Is on Fire is yet another example. Although its treatment of children is by no means its only concern, youngsters of all varieties populate this *House*: sons and daughters of dictatorship's *persona non grata*, young soldiers, adolescents caught in a web of oppression and thought control, and children of a not-too-remote past now struggling as adults to deal with a tragic political reality. The collection is typical of Dorfman (a true *mensch* of a writer) in its humane yet critical treatment not only of children but of those who encircle them: parents, other relatives, even authorities.

In "Crossings," a haunting tale of espionage and fear, the reader must play the role of a child listening to a bedtime story to decipher the plot. The identity of the characters and their motivations are not readily available, never made explicit. Through an imagined dialogue between a man in an airport and an unknown woman on a plane whose arrival he awaits impatiently, we learn of other characters: a poor woman dressed in black accompanied by her children; lovers in a passionate embrace; and two men furtively observing certain people as if they were prey. Yet there is a story within the story. The speaker also imagines a man on the plane telling his son a tale of a muleteer who risked his life crossing the Andes more than a century ago to give messages to the troops fighting the Spanish for Chilean independence. Through

Michael Ugarte is an associate professor of Spanish language and literature at the University of Missouri, Columbia. He is the author of Shifting Ground: Spanish Civil War Literature *(Duke University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FASHIONATION!



Be fashionable and fascinating—wear the Nation T-shirt! White shirt (100% cotton) with black or red lettering. "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back.

$11.95* each, postpaid.

Special Discount: 3 or more, $9.95 each

Delivery in two weeks.

Please send me ____ white T-shirts with RED lettering in the following sizes:
____M, ____L, ____XL.

Please send me ____ white T-shirts with BLACK lettering in the following sizes:
____M, ____L, ____XL.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Send orders to: The Nation, Box RN, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

*New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33 percent. Checks/money orders payable to The Nation.

9007

this children's story the identities of the other characters begin to take shape, and the woman on the plane becomes a modern version of the muleteer, a messenger in service of the resistance against Pinochet.

Fear is clearly the watchword in "Crossings," as it is in several other stories. In "My House Is on Fire" two children hide under a blanket as the authorities come to their house looking for their parents. The brother reassures his younger sister that they are playing a game, so that she won't be frightened, but the reader is never sure if in fact the children *are* playing a game, if they are rehearsing for a time when the police will come or if the person who finally weeds them out is a friend or an enemy. This childlike uncertainty lies at the root of a horrific situation; as Dorfman shows us, to be a child is to be riddled with fears of all types, and in a police state the terror increases tenfold.

These youthful fears manifest themselves in a variety of ways, including in the acts of young males who collaborate with the dictatorship. Dorfman deals earnestly with the mentality and the contradictions that lead to compliance, treating these characters with sympathy and critical understanding. In the story that opens the collection, "Family Circle," a young man is terrified at how his progressive, salt-of-the-earth father will react to his having become a soldier, and worse still, to his having been assigned as a guard in a prison for political transgressors. Near the story's end, at home, the son clutches the handle of a pot of boiling stew and announces that if anyone tries to escape while he is on duty, he will shoot "full-blast." Dorfman skillfully leads to that pathetic declaration with the image of fire, a constant motif in the collection. The father helps his son carry the pot to the table, but neither of them will let go. The son observes his father's movements: "His hands moved implacably over the metal, they must be burning by now; it must be singeing his skin, sinking to the bone; his blood had to be boiling." Dorfman has penetrated a father's disgrace and a son's shame in the midst of a regime that turns innocent people into killers.

Dorfman's stories are by no means single-minded or preachy, even though his writing exposes its own ideology, unlike that of other Chilean dissidents, such as Antonio Skármeta and Jorge Edwards, who have not been as committed as Dorfman to imagining progressive alternatives to capitalist and neocolonialist culture. The object of Dorfman's political search is a language that is open but never arbitrary or without motive, dialogical but never vacuously pluralistic. Dorfman is interested in relations. Although the women are not given the same depth as the men, all his characters are developed in conjunction, in collusion or in conflict with others: sons with their fathers, brothers with their sisters, children with their families, rebels with their enemies, exiles with those who stay to continue the battle, adolescent soldiers looking for a good time with North American prostitutes—who refuse to give it to them because they are boycotting all Pinochet's merchandise. This last situation occurs in "Putamadre" ("whore-mother"), a story titled after the nickname of its male protagonist. Although there is something of the myth of the Happy Hooker in the tale, Dorfman underscores the clash between men who think of women as whores and real prostitutes who are wiser and more politically sophisticated than their johns.

The burning question of *My House Is on Fire*, of course, is the future, especially for Chile, with its new political and social possibilities as it cautiously (perhaps too cautiously) returns to democracy. Is Dorfman's sense of urgency dated in the wake of the recent Chilean elections? Is his house no longer on fire—is it merely smoldering in Pinochet's ashes? The answers, or the suggestions of answers, might be found in the final story of the collection, "Backlands," in which the protagonist insists on protecting a dream-like castle as everything around him burns. He refuses to gaze at the flames of "the city," concentrating instead on the castle and imagining possibilities for it in spite of the advice of those few left around him to let it burn: "The city's savage breath beats at my back, like an oven lit by a man gone insane. It was then I decided not to turn around. The fire would die out, finally there would be nothing left to burn. The flames would lap at my walls, like bound, like tamed ocean waves. Let the enemy squeeze the city till it was only a rind. Could not a new fruit be dreamed from the peelings?" And sure enough, the dream seems closer to reality than we readers would have thought. Almost as a prediction of the return of Chilean exiles, the protagonist imagines his departed brother back from wherever he has been speaking "a different language," imagines him unable to recognize his family. As he passes by, the pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tagonist calls his son to witness the event: "And then, taking my son by the hand, I will let my brother disappear into the distance. And then, yes, at that moment, I will turn around to look our city in the face." These culminating words of the collection could be read as a synthesis of the present political and social reality of Chile.

In "Backlands," an allegorical yet open-ended story, Dorfman, like the protagonist, is unwilling to let his house burn in spite of the damage done by the flames of the police state. The appearance of the son, the last of Dorfman's children, is an affirmation that if the ladybug and the brother do as the rhyme admonishes, if they "fly away home," face the house, the children will not burn. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

The Blackwell Project

Drummer Ed Blackwell spans an astonishing number of musical worlds. That's partly because New Orleans, where he was born on October 10, 1929, tends to develop multifaceted musicians: So many traditions collide and entwine there, and there's so little work, that players are forced into versatility.

Blackwell is best known for his long association with Ornette Coleman, which started in 1951 when Blackwell moved to Los Angeles, broke off in the mid-1950s when he went back home, and continued from 1960 until Coleman put together Prime Time, his mid-1970s punk-funk outfit. Blackwell's greatest achievement, in this context and elsewhere, was harnessing the infectious parade rhythms of his hometown to free jazz. Like Max Roach and Paul Motian, Blackwell reached back to the dancing lyricism and the melodic attack of Baby Dodds, who drummed with Fate Marable, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong.

So Blackwell's groundbreaking work with Coleman, Don Cherry, Eric Dolphy, Anthony Braxton, Dewey Redman, David Murray and others involved reinvigorating jazz's pulse. Cherry puts it this way: "He started out tap-dancing in the streets, played with r&b bands and Mardi Gras parades and funeral marches, and traveled through Africa with [pianist] Randy Weston, where he learned lots of different tribal rhythms. He puts it all together as independent beats he plays simultaneously." Or, as trumpeter Herb Robertson sees it, "He took jazz's swing and put that New Orleans groove to it, straightened it up just enough so that younger players like me, who were basically coming out of rock and roll, could find ways into contemporary jazz, so that it wouldn't feel foreign to us."

Dozens of musicians, who cut across generational and stylistic lines, repaid the debt through The Blackwell Project, a New York benefit for the drummer that ran for more than eight hours on January 7 at the Knitting Factory and for just as long on January 14 at Riverside Church. Blackwell has had kidney problems requiring home dialysis since 1973; his condition, growing acute, forced him back into hospital dialysis and, complicated by pneumonia and a hernia, left him unable to work.

Even Congress and corporate America seem ready to admit that the health care delivery system in this country is a disgusting shambles. Workers without "regular" jobs rarely have "regular" insurance coverage; lack of insurance forces these workers to languish in an underfunded and understaffed public hospital (if they're lucky) or to die. Most musicians—most U.S. artists—fall into this category. Then there's the additional problem of paying the rent: Extended sickness is, after all, one of the main causes of homelessness.

In attempting to pull an outstanding musician out of the health care bog, The Blackwell Project revived the jazz world's sense of community. It also demonstrated the vitality of the many different stylistic strands that we tie together as jazz, and applauded Ed Blackwell for being central to them.

The first Sunday at the Knitting Factory boasted sets by mostly younger players and working groups. Kicking things off was a powerhouse trio: flutist James Newton, bassist Anthony Cox (one of the project's organizers) and drummer Andrew Cyrille. They leapt outside in free improvisation so breathtakingly nuanced and controlled that it sounded composed—which it was, on the spot. Newton is, quite simply, *the* jazz flutist of our time. Taking his cue from Eric Dolphy, he has re-imagined the instrument: He coaxes and yanks a range of sounds that resembles anything from gentle recorder to tenor sax, with admixtures of shawms and bagpipes, as he splits tones, hurls multiphonics, bends chords. Cox and Cyrille, both prodigiously supple, dug into rhythms from funk to straight-ahead to African. "Mesmerizing" isn't a word I use often, but this performance was, for over an hour.

Next up, with Cox still on bass, was a contingent of M-BASErs, that jazz-funk cooperative coming out of Brooklyn: Greg Osby on alto, Gary Thomas on tenor, Graham Haynes on trumpet, Terri Lyne Carrington on drums. Their set reflected the situation of many M-BASE players—early promise with little recent development. Osby, for example, has a cutting tone and a lot of chops, especially as a balladeer, but more and more his solos sound like a bird careening around a cage, looking unsuccessfully for a way out. His compositions are even more restricted by his stylistic limitations, as the meandering one-chord funky vamp the group closed with showed. Thomas, normally a dynamically barrel-chested soloist, was frequently hemmed in by outbursts from Carrington, who sounded like she misunderstood the relation between, say, Blackwell and Coleman or Elvin Jones and John Coltrane. Haynes alone played near his potential, sharply wrenching dynamics and grooves to his liking, but even he only sustained his ideas over a couple of solos.

Veteran bassist Dave Holland's trio includes M-BASErs Steve Coleman on alto and Marvin (Smitty) Smith on drums; the group often sounds bigger than it is. Smith is an at-the-ready drummer full of odd-meter, African-derived attacks and sonic touches, and he locked up with Holland's amazing speed, technical control and sheer zest to create telepathic rhythms. Unfortunately, Coleman's adept solos were overlong and strangely emotionless, as if he, like his friend Osby, were stuck in what he already knows. That was underlined by the contrast with Holland's solos, which were at once so sure-footed and daring that they almost made Coleman's seem plodding. Still, their set was shot through with epiphanic moments.

Trombonist Ray Anderson led guitarist Allan Jaffe, bassist Mark Dresser and drummer Pheeroan AkLaff through gutbucket funk that rode either sprung rhythms or second-line struts. Plagued by technical difficulties, their set couldn't really build, but Dresser overcame a broken string to play a dazzling solo punctuated with two-handed taps and slides, and AkLaff filled the time it took for Dresser to change strings with a remarkable excursion that used deftly buzzing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cymbals as a foundation drone while expanding explosively.

Bassist Mark Helias is a growing composer whose mosaiclike structures juxtapose feels and themes. His quintet boasts crackerjack soloists: pianist Anthony Davis, altoist Tim Berne, trumpeter Herb Robertson, drummer Tom Rainey. The combination created an unbroken incandescence. Berne's jagged romps, fierce with boppish angles and blues cries, balanced Davis's more cerebral classicisms to open a space for Robertson's daredevil trumpet, which updates and extends Cootie Williams's vocabulary of growls and snorts into a speechlike arc.

Multireed wielder Marty Ehrlich finished with the indefatigable Cox and drummer Bobby Previte, and the trio ended the first night of The Blackwell Project on a high plane. Ehrlich has mastered so many instruments, played in so many groups with so many greats, that it's about time he got more recognition; he's a consistently probing inventor. An iconoclastic composer, Previte drums with conceptual shape and bristling energy. And Cox reiterated that he can fit in with, push and prod virtually anybody and anything. Not surprisingly, sparks flew and ignited their long, roiling improvisations.

The following Sunday found The Blackwell Project uptown at Riverside Church, where mostly older players, many of them Blackwell's cohorts, took the stage. First up was Tailgater's Tales, led by trombonist Craig Harris and featuring clarinetist Don Byron, guitarist Brandon Ross, bassist Kenny Davis, drummer Ralph Peterson and special guest multiinstrumentalist Henry Threadgill. As a composer Harris interweaves sharply contrasting themes and sections, usually with a startling and challenging freshness—a carnival feel chased by a funky street beat, for example. As a bandleader he has attracted top-notch sidemen: Byron pushes his ax far beyond Buddy De Franco via mellifluous, rangy leaps; Ross is successfully plotting his way around Bill Frisell; and Peterson and Davis manhandled the changing grooves with easy precision. Harris himself growls and laughs and smears as he gracefully darts around the pulse, and Threadgill—well, Threadgill is a genius as an instrumentalist, arranger or composer; he's inherited the mantle from Duke Ellington and Charles Mingus, and his playing with Harris resounded with canny humor, arching lyricism and aching, edgy blues.

Where Tailgater's Tales was pretty tightly plotted, Structure IV—vibraphonist Karl Berger, pianist Geri Allen, bassist Anthony Cox, altoist Carlos Ward, tenorist Dewey Redman and drummer Lewis Nash—was a blowing session that unfortunately went slack. Redman, for instance, started "Take the A Train" with fluidly enjambed lines that gradually lost their bite. There were excellent moments, though. Cox and Nash sharpened incisive beats, whether behind Ward's spiraling Trane-isms or Berger's flat-footedness. And Allen, another M-BASEr, continues to grow: juggling rhythms that she then zigzagged across, rolling barrelhouse chords that thickened and mutated into minor-mode smears à la Cecil Taylor, clustering Monk-isms, Oriental motifs and boppish cascades with stunning confidence, she stole the set.

Pianist Don Pullen's solo spot showcased his rubber-wrist, scrubbrush-across-the-keyboard attack that creates an eerily imploding feel, almost as if the piano is folding in on itself like a Möbius strip. Individual notes sink into whimpering, startled by sudden left-hand thumps in an almost ragtimey/stride vein as imagined by Henry Cowell. Long overlooked, Pullen is idiosyncratic but captivating and technically breathtaking.

The World Saxophone Quartet—tenorman David Murray, baritonist Hamiet Bluiett, altoists Oliver Lake and Arthur Blythe—followed. With the departure of founding member Julius Hemphill, the W.S.Q. seems to have settled into a rather bland combination of relentless riff tunes and solos-plus-section drones. It may be that's the dead end waiting for such a lineup, though Hemphill, probably the group's most inventive arranger, found ways around it. It may be that their growing popularity dictates easy-to-grasp hooks that can launch their spectacular solos: Murray can still astonish with his hurtling runs from low-end blatts to r&b squalls to dog-whistle squeals, and nobody can touch Bluiett in extending the baritone's range. But the undeniable virtuosity sounded like flash because of the lack of variety in their material.

Branford Marsalis led the ever-present Cox—who was stage-managing when he wasn't onstage himself—and drummer Jeff (Tain) Watts through an exuberant set full of the young tenor's heavy debt to Sonny Rollins. Marsalis has adopted the jagged phrasing and oddly floating spaces Rollins took from Monk, and prodded by the energetic rhythm section, he stretched beats and reached for fetching substitutions: He's becoming a better narrator by miming a master, though he hasn't yet found his own voice.

But the high point of the benefit came with its close: the reunion of Cherry, Redman and bassist Charlie Haden, all of whom, with Blackwell, had played with Ornette Coleman and later formed Old and New Dreams. Fittingly, holding Blackwell's chair was Paul Motian.

As a sizable chunk of Blackwell's musical legacy, Coleman's tunes, from "Blues Connotation" to "Happy House" to "Lonely Woman," had threaded both benefit dates and were often stunningly played. But for this set it seemed like the rich history resonating through these stellar musicians transported them. Cherry's puckered whimpers and angular dartings, Redman's now-burly, now-whinnying tenor, Haden's deep-toned lyricism, Motian's elastically melodic drumming, Brazilian percussionist Nana Vasconcelos's tasteful embroidering, set up a charged sonic force field that warped tempos and lines, suspended pulses and detonated expectations in a truly magical way. Joined for a final jam by Coleman's drummer son Denardo, and by Pullen and Marsalis, the lineup became a living embodiment of Blackwell's wide-ranging musical contribution.

At the show's end an enfeebled Blackwell, clearly moved, said simply, "I must be loved." With reason: He's a cornerstone of postwar jazz, and in one way or another all the participants at the benefit are his lucky heirs. So are his listeners.

Which is why The Blackwell Project continues. According to producer Gregory Rukavina, the four sets attracted some 1,300 people; after expenses the project should clear $10,000 to $12,000 for Blackwell. In Minneapolis, drummer/producer Phil Hey held a similar two-night benefit, on January 9 and 16, which should net around $3,500. Aldo Romano planned a Blackwell Night at Paris's New Morning club for February 5.

THE BEST FILMS YOU NEVER SAW.

Now you can rent or purchase VHS videotapes by mail. Over 1,100 hard-to-find quality films available, including *Ulysses, Hotel Terminus,* and *Women on the Verge...*

Our library includes foreign and independent films, limited release features, Hollywood classics, cult favorites and documentaries.

It's simple and inexpensive. Phone or write for free information and list of films.

1-800-258-3456
(in PA, 1-800-633-3456)

Home Film Festival.
P.O. Box 2032, Scranton, PA 18501

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And, Rukavina says, down in Blackwell's hometown pianist Ellis Marsalis and clarinet great Alvin Batiste are interested in putting a benefit together, while Don Cherry is talking about staging something in San Francisco.

Even if you missed the New York benefits and can't get to the others, you can help. Tax-deductible contributions can be sent to Ed Blackwell/World Music Institute, 49 West 27th St., Suite 810, New York, NY 10011; or call (212) 545-7536. And write your senators and representatives about overhauling our disgraceful health care system. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Macbeth
The Merchant of Venice
The Art of Success
Junon and Avos: The Hope

I have never much liked *Macbeth*. Its tragic leads have nothing to recommend them but their eloquence. Both are unrelievedly wicked, without even Richard III's wit or political horse sense. They inhabit a world that is, for Shakespeare, singularly colorless. The minor characters get involved in the plot only as victims or, finally, as revengers. The supernatural element is sophomoric, an excuse for special effects. The Christopher Plummer/Glenda Jackson production that appeared on Broadway in the spring of 1988 confirmed for me my distaste for the play; it was listless, overproduced and as perfunctory as a Latin high mass performed by a drowsy priest.

The new *Macbeth* at the Public Theater solves or smooths over the "objections" posed above. Raul Julia's Macbeth is a proper tragic hero, not simply a humor-impaired villain in the starring role. Some large part of the credit for this must belong to the director, Richard Jordan (better known in New York as an actor), who has plaited a large cast's disparate energies into a single emotional tightrope. One watches Macbeth's every step with unwavering suspense, even with a strange kind of empathy—not with his early vacillations or his later bouts of melancholy but with the strand in his behavior that makes emotional sense both of the gore and the witches' folderol. Raul Julia's Macbeth is a man who surrenders, deliberately, to the lure of madness, who is willing (but finally unable, and there's the tragedy) to pay the price of his sanity for the energy the witches make available to him. At first his wife is notably his superior in daemonic power, but once the crown is his, he begins to revel in his power, to kill for the sheer *fun* of it, wantonly. The scenes in which this becomes most evident (and very scary) are those when he recruits Banquo's murderers with an almost lascivious camaraderie, and when he revisits the witches and drinks their hellbroth, whereupon a small part of hell breaks loose. His drugged vision of Banquo's posthumous triumph, usually so tedious, is all the more powerful because it forgoes a trumpery pageant. There is even, because of the disparity between Macbeth's exaltations and the tawdry circumstances, a gruesome kind of irony that offers a fair tradeoff for the humor that enriches the other three major tragedies.

To do full justice to the production I would have to annotate most of the program's credits, beginning necessarily with Melinda Mullins, whose Lady Macbeth seems barely older than most Juliets. The dynamics of a May/September marriage are well suited to the plot. Mullins is most interesting in Lady Macbeth's public moments, when, whether she is feigning hysterical grief over Duncan or smirking on her throne, she is as little to be believed as Nancy Reagan on her knees in prayer.

William Converse-Roberts is a clarion-tongued Macduff and doubles as the Captain who bears news of Macbeth's victories to Duncan; it is up to him by sheer brass of voice and bearing to create a heroic image of Martial Virtue, which he does superbly. He also summons some tears in the scene of mourning for his wife. After his showing in this and in the earlier *Love's Labor's Lost* (for which he won an Obie), Converse-Roberts ought to be allotted one of the remaining plum roles of the Marathon. He may be the most accomplished "Shakespearean" the Shakespeare Festival has.

The set by John Conklin is a wooden corral with lawn furniture that got trundled on and off and a Mother Courage-type cart for the witches' provisions. The costumes by Jeanne Button are serviceable though scarcely (Lady Macbeth must have reflected) worth killing for. Peter Nels's fight choreography is good clean fun—not breathtaking but one felt that the actors were earning their pay. One or two of the attendant lairds might show a little more spirit, but that is probably always the case with attendant lairds.

HOW TO JEOPARDIZE A PERFECTLY GOOD FRIENDSHIP.

Give someone you care about a gift subscription to *The Nation*.

In all likelihood, the recipient will get just as enraged, worked up and aggravated about the issues the magazine covers as our regular subscribers do.

That's because *The Nation* covers those issues with a critical spirit and an independent perspective that set us apart from other publications. Which isn't surprising, since it's written by such original thinkers as Alexander Cockburn, Kirkpatrick Sale and Frances FitzGerald.

And politics isn't all we cover. Our subscribers also enjoy our writing on the arts, which is of such extraordinary clarity and intelligence that it alone is worth the price of a subscription.

So maybe you should give *The Nation* as a gift after all.

Just be sure your relationship can stand it.

The Nation.
Subscribing to our principles isn't enough.

YES! I THINK MY RELATIONSHIP CAN TAKE IT. Please send 24 issues of *The Nation* to the following people at the special gift rate of just $15 for the first gift and $12 for each additional gift. And send a card announcing the subscription(s).

GIFT TO _____ (Please print)
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
GIFT FROM (Your name) _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $_____ for _____ subscription(s).
☐ Bill me later.

Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

LD0B3S-0

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry S. Murphy as the Porter actually provokes some mirth, a rare accomplishment. Mary Louise Wilson is all the more scary as the First Witch for being quite funny as well, and Larry Bryggman as Banquo leads a splendid posthumous existence. The banquet scene, done without trickery, is altogether the most horripilating I've seen, and my companion (a veteran of many Macbeths, including Olivier's) felt the same. He also agreed that the production as a whole registered higher readings on his emotional Richter scale than any of the competition.

I add his testimony to my own because the New York critical consensus has not favored the production. Can it be (as Joseph Papp sometimes seems to believe) that the critics simply have it in for his theater? Or is there an expectation that Shakespeare, like grand opera, should be an occasion for spectacle? Do people need some manifest oddity to spell out a director's message? Frank Rich began his review in *The Times* with reflections on the fate of Romania's Ceausescus and the play's eternal relevance to such as them. Perhaps that is the difficulty the critics had—that they wanted the play to be about *them*, those wicked Macbeths and Ceausescus and Peróns and Marcoses. The Public Theater's Macbeths may have been too much like people closer to home.

The Merchant of Venice has been much more warmly received, with most of the attention going to Dustin Hoffman's quietly self-exculpating performance as a Shylock more sinned against than sinning. Hoffman is memorable, and Shylock has some legitimate grievances, but Peter Hall's production at the 46th Street Theatre so tips the balance in Shylock's favor that there were cheers from the audience in the judgment scene when Shylock spits in Antonio's face. A good part of the audience, I think, would have been happy to see him exact his pound of flesh. When we get to "the quality of mercy is not strained," Portia doesn't come across as a Christian evangel but simply a canny lawyer baiting a trap that, when it is sprung, is utterly wanting in the quality of mercy. In this production, Portia is no better than any of the scoundrels in her social circle. Yet I doubt, somehow, that was the intended effect, since the actress playing Portia, Geraldine James, seems to be under orders to be charming and winsome. She virtually skips offstage at every exit like a girl two decades younger.

Loading the dice in Shylock's favor disturbed not only the moral but the aesthetic balance of the play. Shylock's Venice is rendered with *verismo* naturalism; Portia's Belmont is fairy tale country. Admittedly, the problem inheres in the text, but Peter Hall makes no effort to solve it; he simply gives us the two cruets, one of oil and one of vinegar. It does not help that two of the major roles, Antonio and Bassanio, are handled by actors, Leigh Lawson and Nathaniel Parker, with only a decorative sense of poetry. After a little interval of time I remember Parker's garish yellow costume (by Barbara Forbes) more vividly than the actor it encased. Most of the blame must rest on the shoulders of Hall, for having favored Hoffman's need to be nice over Shakespeare's to be understood.

The Art of Success, by the 35-year-old playwright Nick Dear, strikes me, after a first viewing, as as likely a candidate for entry into the long-term repertory of English theater as any play written in the past decade. It is ingeniously stylized, willfully anachronistic, extremely persuasive and flaunts its high ambition like a banner above the stage proclaiming the author's genius. The production it has received at the Manhattan Theater Club, directed by Adrian Noble, so far succeeds in communicating the play's merits that it is difficult to judge what Dear has written apart from its realization on the stage, which affected me as viscerally as the best-paced circus. "Exciting" is a word critics use carelessly; it exactly suits *The Art of Success*.

The play's central figure is the painter William Hogarth, and most of the play's ten principal characters are based on other known historical figures: his wife, Jane; the novelist Henry Fielding; Prime Minister Robert Walpole; Queen Caroline; a noted madam of the era, Mrs. Needham; and a celebrity murderess, Sarah Sprackling, whom Hogarth sketched in her condemned cell. The other three generic figures are a beefy financier (Frank), a kinky aristocrat (Oliver) and a prostitute (Louisa) favored by Hogarth. Most of the action of the play takes place on a single phantasmagorical night in the 1730s, but Dear, like Shakespeare, always favors dramatic impact over strict chronology, so that years of a particular life may be compressed into one evening.

Like Shakespeare too, Dear has his characters speak in the accents of his own time. The abundant ribaldry uses the language of modern, not Augustan, gutters, and the political dialogue smacks of the *New Statesman* more than *The Spectator*. For those who like their costume dramas flavored with tushery, such liberties may require an adjustment to their internal headsets, but the strategy is justified by the resulting urgency. Dear does convey a sense of period, not by ventriloquism but by creating characters whose souls have been molded by the cruelties and crudities of the eighteenth century. Hogarth, on entering Sarah Sprackling's cell in Newgate, explains to the gaoler: "I've been in a nick before. Grew up in the shadow of the walls. Father a debtor, poor old bugger. Done well for myself, though, haven't I?" [*Shows off clothes*] "Obviously, being terrorized at an impressionable age by shits with whips and manacles provides a first-rate training for the wider world." Before rejecting out of hand the playwright's putting such words in Hogarth's mouth, consider whether their wisdom is far removed from the proverbial "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

History plays, much like such absurdist dramas as *The Balcony* or *Endgame*, offer the playwright an opportunity to raise up to consciousness the repressed significance of the things we either take for granted or don't care to discuss, the proverbial and the obscene. (Shakespeare's *Macbeth* is a good example: He could never have discussed Elizabeth's murders with the same impunity.) It is also an advantage, when pondering weighty matter, to deploy characters with an automatic archetypal significance—kings and queens and the virtual peers of royalty nowadays, Pantheon artists like Hogarth and Fielding. If playwright and

What's going on?

FILMS
LECTURES
WORKSHOPS
CONFERENCES

LOOK UNDER

EVENTS

IN THE
CLASSIFIED SECTION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

players can make such figures come alive at all, they may swell up to those dimensions known as "larger than life." Such was the effect of *The Art of Success* on those I've known who've seen it in New York or London—an *enthusiasm* that resonates with some of the word's original religious associations.

Tim Curry, in the role of Hogarth, comes across as an abrasive, abusive MCP to whom artistic genius has been granted by pure accident. The main action of the play is to bring him into confrontation with the three women he has chiefly wronged: his wife, played by Mary-Louise Parker; his favorite whore, played by Suzanne Bertish; and an escaped murderess, played by Jayne Atkinson, who wants to retrieve the sketch he's made because it misrepresents her. "It's not how I want to go down!" she rages at Hogarth. "In the future! I told you, I want to look evil, I feel evil, I got demons in me and where are they in this ballsup?" All three actresses deserve large bouquets.

Dear's Sarah Sprackling has a strong family resemblance to the figure of the young woman arsonist in Edward Bond's play about Shakespeare, *Bingo*. Indeed, it is hard to imagine Dear reinventing history so confidently without the precedent set by Bond. Dear, however, is more sheerly inspired. His language soars like Genet's, while Bond's just gets the job done. By all means try to see the play while it is at City Center's Stage I (the run has been extended to February 11); but if that isn't possible, scout out the book at a specialty bookstore. It's published by Methuen New Theatrescripts in England and is coupled with *In the Ruins*, a stunning one-act monologue about the mad King George III.

Meanwhile, upstairs, on City Center's main stage, Pierre Cardin has gone to great expense to import *Junon and Avos: The Hope*, a Soviet rock musical that is so intensely, variously and embarrassingly bad that it is almost worth seeing. The rock is as slow as a death march and loud as the City Center's amplifying system can make it. The songs, by Alexis Ribnikov and Andrey Voznesensky, have an emotional range from brooding to angry, offset by moments of mawkish religiosity. The book, also by Voznesensky, concerns a Russian nobleman, Count Rezanov, who sails to San Francisco in 1806 hoping to open a trading route to the New World. This hope is symbolized in the person of Conchita, the blond daughter of the governor of San Francisco, a Doris Day doppelgänger. Rezanov expresses his love for Conchita in the song "Angel, Become a Woman," from which I quote the last stanza in the English translation included in the program:

> Near the Temple of the Virgin
> Weeping willows ov'r the water bend low
> Like a herd of magic horses
> Drinking water from the pond.
> You will discover the divine heights
> And bitter valleys of life.
> I will tell you a tale of Russia.
> I will initiate you in love.

Alas, it is not to be. Rezanov is recalled to Russia, Conchita becomes a nun and for centuries Russia languishes without a trade route to the New World. An allegorical interpretation that equates Conchita with the ever out-of-reach pleasures of the consumer society is irresistible, and so is laughter, for Rezanov and the crew of his ship come across as the nineteenth-century equivalent of Steve Martin and Dan Aykroyd's wild and crazy guys, louts

Help Give Dignity and Hope to a Needy Family

Millions of needy families long for the same sense of dignity and hope for the future you enjoy.

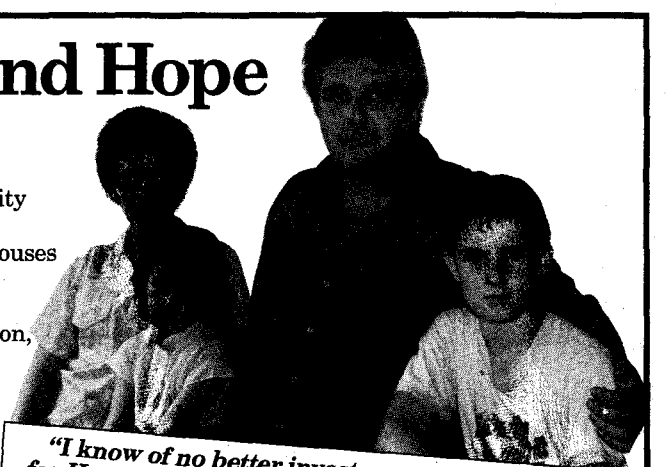
But they struggle for self-respect. Because the decaying houses and ghetto apartments they live in defeat their spirits and extinguish their pride.

Since 1976, Habitat for Humanity, a Christian organization, has worked throughout the U.S. and overseas to solve the crisis of poverty housing by building decent homes needy families can own themselves.

We provide no-interest loans. We require future homeowners to work an average of 500 hours on the home they'll occupy. And we depend on the help of volunteers who give their time and skills to help the poor.

But we also need the help of other concerned people to supply the raw materials we need to build homes.

Please send a generous gift today to help give a needy family a taste of dignity and the promise of hope.



"I know of no better investment than Habitat for Humanity. That is why Rosalynn and I have joined the Habitat team. And that is why we are asking for your help."

Jimmy Carter

Jimmy Carter

YES, I want to give dignity and hope to a needy family by helping them own a decent home.

I understand my gift of:

- ☐ $20 can buy paint for a room
- ☐ $32 can buy several bundles of shingles to keep the rain out
- ☐ $50 can buy about 310 feet of pipe for clean running water
- ☐ $100 can buy about 314 board feet of lumber to help build a child's room

Habitat for Humanity INTERNATIONAL, INC. 02NAA

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Clip and mail this coupon with your tax-deductible donation to:
Habitat for Humanity International, Inc.
Habitat and Church Streets • Americus, Georgia 31709-3498

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who sincerely believe their loutishness is sexy. It's hard to think what we could send back to the Soviet Union as a suitable expression of thanks. □

FILM NOTES.

STUART KLAWANS

One of the first things you see in *Sweetie* is the muddy-hued, domestic equivalent of a Rorschach blot: the pattern in a carpet. The camera peers down on this floral invitation to daydreaming, which takes up most of the screen; to one side, a fragment of the narrator's body is visible. Kay (Karen Colston) begins to talk in voiceover about her fantasies, but you already know plenty about them from the image. *Sweetie*—the utterly distinctive and assured first feature by Jane Campion—will be about the meanings people read into whatever they choose to see as clues: tea leaves, a tossed coin, a stray curl of hair, a little girl's aptitude for clowning. And just as the opening shot is off-center, so too are the characters. Not only do they spend their lives interpreting auguries, but they invariably look at them askew.

Kay begins by deciding that her auguries lead straight to Lou (Tom Lycos). He is the sort of earnest, not-too-bright young man who, believing whatever he's told, spends a lot of his time trying to understand pure nonsense. Though engaged to one of Kay's friends at work—a commitment that has lasted "for fifty-five minutes," as he points out—he yields immediately when Kay declares, "I'm destined to be with you." Within seconds, the two are grappling on the grease-stained floor of the parking garage where Kay has made her revelation. "Lou said there are seven spiritual planes," she explains later on the soundtrack, "and the love we had was somewhere near the top."

The next time Kay reads an omen, though, it makes her heartsick. When Lou plants a tree in the backyard, Kay fears that the sapling portends doom. She has nightmares about germination—eruptions of fierce cytoplasmic tendrils, which roar like dinosaurs as their maws break open. Kay uproots the sapling, which means, quite naturally, that she also stops sleeping with Lou.

In a less original film, this would probably be the first fifteen minutes of a drama about pregnancy, or the lack of it. In *Sweetie* it leads instead to the arrival of the title character, a woman even more fantastical than Kay: her disorderly, willful, half-cracked sister (Genevieve Lemon). Whereas Kay is pretty in a pert, dark, conventional way (dampened by an expression of perpetual worry), Sweetie has a fat, puppyish face under a butchery of greasy hair. She considers herself a theatrical star, though she has never worked; she dresses in a style that might be called thrift-shop glamour, except that her clothes look more like the discards from the alley behind the shop. When first seen, just after she has invaded Kay's house, she is in bed with her current boyfriend and "producer," Bob (Michael Lake), regaling him, herself and anyone within earshot with the pleasure of her ample flesh.

Again, a more conventional film would probably set about contrasting the riotously life-affirming Sweetie with the dour, frightened Kay. But *Sweetie* continues to mutate. Very soon, Kay and Sweetie's parents enter the picture, and we begin to see how *everyone* here is atilt. Though Kay disavows any connection with Sweetie—"She was just *born*," she tells Lou, "I don't have anything to do with her"—the eccentric branchings of love have entangled her, too, along with the rest of the family. Kay sometimes fights Sweetie, sometimes humors her, sometimes conspires with the others against her, all in an effort to cope with someone who is either crazy or just an impossible burden, depending on your point of view.

With a narrative structure as skillfully off-center as its characters and visual style, *Sweetie* keeps the viewer in delighted suspense through a swift ninety minutes. There is no way to predict the next turn of events or camera angle, though once something has crossed the screen, it invariably feels just right. With the collaboration of Gerard Lee as co-screenwriter and with the help of a winning cast—especially Genevieve Lemon, in a self-sacrificing performance—Jane Campion has made a droll, witty, moving, understated triumph of a feature-film debut. It's set in Australia, by the way. Don't let that keep you from seeing it. □

DISCOVERY–THE NATION '90

February 16 is the deadline for the annual Discovery–*The Nation* poetry contest. For application guidelines, call the Poetry Center of the YM-YWHA at (212) 415-5760.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS DESIRED

• APARTMENT WANTED •

***NATION* PRODUCTION MANAGER** seeks 1-bedroom or large studio apartment in Manhattan below 34th Street. Prime lease, under $800. Call Jane Sharples (212) 242-8400.

UNDERPAID, quiet and responsible interns seek low-rent apartment share, sublet or house-sitting arrangements anywhere in New York City starting right away. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

AUTOS FOR SALE

FORMER *NATION* EMPLOYEE seeks to sell 1988 VW Fox GL, 4-door, 4-speed, 15,000 miles, A/C, pull-out AM/FM cassette, alarm. Great car, always garaged. $6,200. (212) 222-7436.

BED & BREAKFAST

BAR HARBOR, MAINE: Comfortable and casual family-run McKay Lodging. Victorian houses. Private or shared bath. TV, phone, homemade breads. Close to Acadia National Park, concerts, theater, restaurants, shopping, whale watching, ferry to Nova Scotia. For spring reservations: (207) 288-3531.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $5 to Abelard Reuchlin Foundation, Box 5652-B, Kent WA 98064. For details please send SASE

BOOKS

TIRED OF T.S. ELIOT? Try "The Woodpecker Knocking": poetry book, $5, from Walter Springer, 6729 Manor Crest, Oakland, CA. 94618-1933.

If this book received more attention, U.S. policies in the Middle East could be better balanced and more successful.
—Adlai Stevenson III

The most important book you'll read this year. —The Hartford Courant

This was a planned, calculated attack.
—Admiral Thomas Moorer, USN (Retired)

I believe it was a deliberate attack.
—Dean Rusk
Former Secretary of State

The award winning true story of the attack by Israeli forces on a U.S. Navy ship on the high seas. Thirty-four Americans killed, 171 wounded. Read how it happened, how the truth was covered up. Read why survivors and top U.S. officials insist it was no accident.

ISBN 0-394-50512-3 300pp. hard cover

For signed copy via 1st Class mail send $17

Terry's Book Barn
POB 789, Woodinville, WA 98072

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CASSETTES

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict.* Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

CATALOGUES

Over 200 books and videos about sex that won't insult your intelligence. From enlightening advice to electrifying erotica. $2 for catalog to: TSL, 1210 Valencia #NT, San Francisco, CA 94110

COMPUTERS

LONGTIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. New York City. (212) 466-6775; Nassau (516) 484-1249.

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

EDUCATION

SOLIDARITY WORK

Rural construction in

Nicaragua *or* **Angola**

(Aug. 1, '90 - May 31, '91)

(Nov. 1, '90 - July 31, '91)

Work w/ Sem Terra peasant movement in **Brazil**

(Nov. 1, '90 - July 31, '91)

Treeplanting in

Mozambique

(Sept. 1, '90 - May 31, '91)

Group programs include technical, language and documentation training; U.S. presentations upon return. For brochure and application:

IICD Box 103-B, Williamstown MA 01267. (413) 458-9828.

SPANISH IN GUANAJUATO. Cultural Center of Mexico. Instituto Falcon, Mora 158. Guanajuato, Gto 36000 Mexico. Phone (473) 2-36-94.

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials. Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016.

INTENSIVE SPANISH IN GUATEMALA. Individualized instruction, family living. Casa, Box 11264, Milwaukee, WI 53211; (414) 372-5570.

EDUCATION

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning: 56 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234**

AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 616, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

NICA SCHOOL—ESTELI, NICARAGUA. NICA's programs offer Spanish classes, sociopolitical seminars, volunteer work and living with Nicaraguan families. Financial aid available. P.O. Box 1409-XX, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

SPEAK SPANISH. Total immersion program. Established 1960. Four students per class. Cultural activities and family stay. Cuernavaca Language School, Apdo. 4-254, 62430 Cuernavaca, Mexico. Telephone (73) 15-46-43.

EVENTS

UPHEAVAL IN EASTERN EUROPE—"Collapse of Communism" or Time to Fight for the REAL thing?—Carl Dix of Revolutionary Communist Party speaks. Saturday, February 10, 7:30 PM, at Revolution Books, 13 East 16th Street, New York, 691-3345.

HEALTH

HEAL YOURSELF on low income. Practical suggestions concerning diet, constipation, emotional problems. Religious but practical ideas concerning God's Temple. $2. Sprague, 38 Washington, Attica, NY 14011.

MERCHANDISE

A PHOTO LEAGUE SAMPLER

Postcards by photographers associated with the Photo League (1936-51). 25 beautiful duotones, $10.95 ppd. More cards and posters available. Check or M.O. to Photo/Chronicles, Ltd., 500 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10024-4344.

REFUSED!!

RETURN TO SENDER

STAMP OUT UNWANTED JUNK MAIL

REDUCE OCEAN & LANDFILL DUMPING

$14.95

STAMP BOX 469

NORTH AMHERST, MA 01059

HIGH-QUALITY, SELF-INKING STAMP

NATION CASES AND BINDERS

Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation.* Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).

Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.

Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.

Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.

Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134

Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15

To charge call 1-(800) 972-5858

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency. Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. 1-(805) 687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

MISCELLANEOUS

QUICK! FOR PUBLISHED COLLECTION, remember and mail mnemonics—jingles, acrostics and acronyms that joggle memory. Credit in contributors' index if yours are ones I don't have. S.Ferraro, Nation Box 581.

MUSIC

MUSICIAN SEEKS FINANCIAL BACKERS for professional studio demo project. Intelligent, political, funky pop-rock music with industry interest. Invest in creativity. Serious inquiries only please. Nation Box 550.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER

links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (215) 358-5049.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, Clearinghouse Newsletter. Exclusively for literate, educated singles, 45 to 70. No names, etc., ever published. You are given a code number. Only $10 to place an advertisement—no word limit. You MUST send an ad to receive the newsletter. Sample copy available $5. Write Box 5371, Chicago, IL 60680-5371.

WIDOWER—seeking attractive woman, 60+, social, cultural. W. Bess, 2 Athenia Avenue, Clifton, NJ 07013, (201) 471-6027.

GM, 46, CLEVER, intellectual, good-looking, seeks man of similar attributes, 28-48. Photo helpful. Nation Box 584.

LITERATE LEFTIST MALE desires to meet tennis and/or squash-playing female, 25-45. Other interests include ballet (Balanchine), movies (Ford, Lubitsch) and baseball (the elegant geometry of the game itself). Nation Box 585.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $12/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. (805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY for public relations department. Excellent skills required for this fast-track job. Knowledge of music, unions and/or politics a plus. Send résumé to: Dan Jaffe, Local 802AFM, 330 W. 42nd Street, 2nd floor, New York City 10036.

FIELD DIRECTOR/FUNDRAISER. National office of peace/environmental-education organization focused in Jewish community seeks organizer of people and money, able to shape and strengthen local organizations, personally solicit funds, create special events. Travel necessary. Write: Shalom Center, 7318 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19119.

FUNDRAISE FOR EL SALVADOR. Progressive nonprofit humanitarian aid foundation seeks experienced donor/foundation fundraisers in San Francisco and New York City. $1,100/month, full benefits, child allowance. Call NEST Foundation: (415) 864-7755 or (212) 941-7962.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. The Institute for Southern Studies supports regional grass-roots organizing, sponsors research projects and publishes *Southern Exposure*, its highly acclaimed journal. The Director will have an exciting opportunity to build on a tradition of Southern social activism. Program development and foundation fundraising experience required. $22,000+. Send résumé, 3 references, to: Search Committee, ISS, P.O. Box 531, Durham, NC 27702.

POSITIONS DESIRED

INTELLIGENT, ARTICULATE *NATION* INTERNS, experienced in research, fact-checking, writing and publishing, seek challenging work. *Available starting immediately in New York, Toronto, Chicago and D.C. area.* Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

DEPUTY REPRESENTATIVE of Western bank in Moscow seeks Los Angeles-based employment dealing with USSR, starting June. Contact Kathleen Louw, Moscow telex: 413904; Los Angeles: (213) 301-9426.

***NATION* AFTERNOON RECEPTIONIST** seeks morning work, 8 am to noon, as receptionist and/or at a job involving other office duties. Prefer downtown location. Call Vivette, 1 to 6 pm, (212) 242-8400.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER — a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals." — Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. 3-issue trial $6. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

PROGRESSIVE PERIODICALS DIRECTORY! Reviews/details on 600 periodicals—peace, environment, labor, culture, international, organizing, etc. Networking, publicity, subscription information. $8. Box N-120574, Nashville, TN 37212.

SCAPEGOATING THE BLACK FAMILY—Edited and writen by black women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the realities of the African-American family, institutional racism and society's failure to accept responsibility for its racial ills. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With Ossie Davis. $3 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue. New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400 ext. 202 for bulk prices.

THE LORDS OF THE GLOBAL VILLAGE—Written by Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, this timely issue examines the alarming growth of the communications combines, explores the implications of the concentration of media ownership, and profiles the powerful press barons who threaten "freedom and diversity in global news, information and culture." Only $3 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400 ext. 202 for bulk prices.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

SERVICES

EXPERT HOUSEPAINTER—and socially conscious, too. Prompt, neat, reasonable rates. Airless sprayer for large spaces. 10 years experience. References. Free estimate. Call and leave message: (718) 789-1944.

SPEAKERS

NOW! **40** OF THE NATION'S MOST PROGRESSIVE SPEAKERS JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY

SPEAKOUT

SPEAKERS BUREAU
151 Lexington St., San Francisco, CA 94110
415-864-4561

INCLUDING:

NOAM CHOMSKY	PHILIP AGEE
BARBARA EHRENREICH	MARGARET RANDALL
DENNIS BRUTUS	WARD CHURCHILL
MICHAEL ALBERT	BELL HOOKS
HOLLY SKLAR	FMLN
ED HERMAN	MICHAEL PARENTI
	ELIZABETH MARTINEZ

SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP THOREAU. Send your child to a summer camp in the *progressive tradition. Unique summer experience for children* ages 7 to 15. Nurturant, integrated, cooperative, loving, only 115 campers. Write or call: Paul Milkman, 458 14th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11215; (718) 768-4624.

SUMMER RENTALS

RHINEBECK PROGRESSIVE lakefront colony near Bard, Omega, music, foreign films. Swimming, sailing, fishing. 1-, 2-, 3½-bedroom cottages. (718) 380-3982.

TRAVEL

BIKING & WALKING in Eastern Europe, 1990. Goulash Tours Inc., Box 2972, Kalamazoo, MI 49003. (616) 349-8817.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates $1.50 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display $60 per column inch.

Deadline Wednesday, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Discounts Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, *10 more free.*

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ weeks, plus _____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

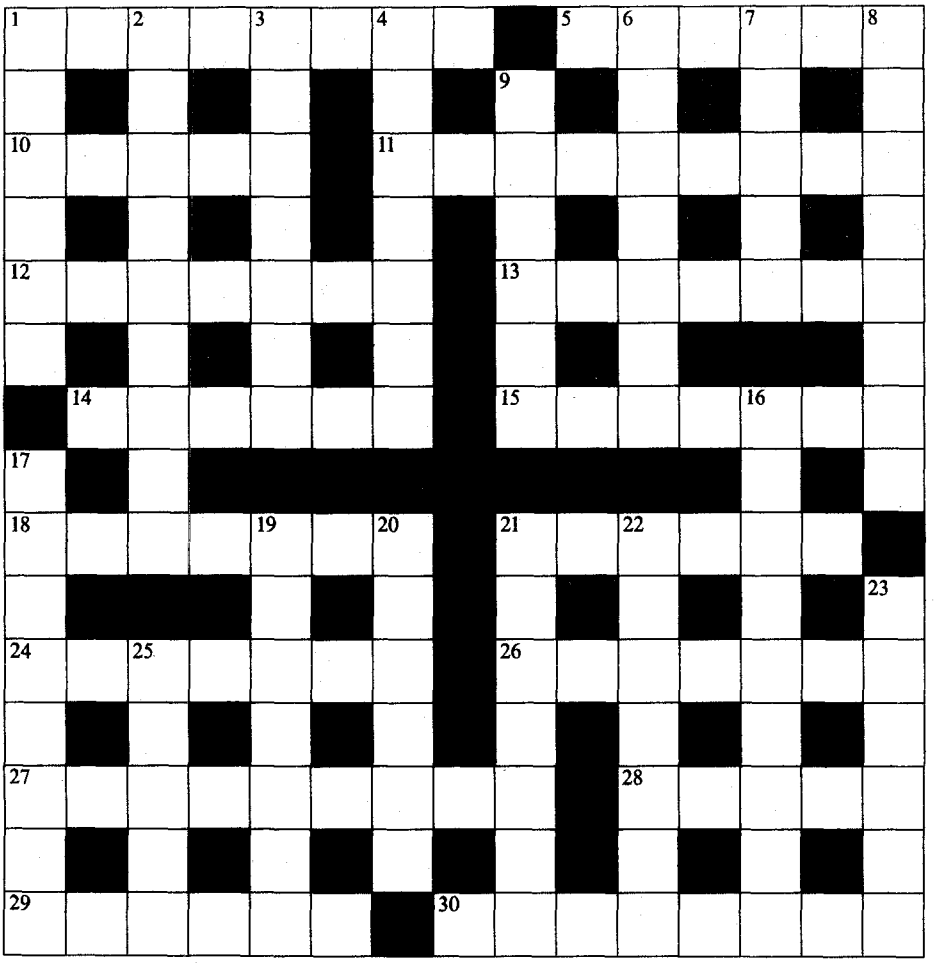
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2276

■	C	O	M	M	O	N	C	A	R	R	I	E	R	■
P	■	V	■	O	■	O	■	T	■	A	■	P	■	A
O	N	E	S	T	A	R	■	H	I	T	T	I	N	G
R	■	R	■	H	■	M	■	L	■	T	■	T	■	E
T	I	T	L	E	P	A	G	E	■	L	O	O	S	E
A	■	■	■	R	■	L	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	■
B	E	T	A	K	E	■	P	E	R	S	H	I	N	G
L	■	R	■	N	■	D	■	S	■	N	■	Z	■	E
E	C	O	N	O	M	I	C	■	C	A	R	E	E	N
■	■	U	■	W	■	S	■	M	■	K	■	■	■	E
D	I	S	K	S	■	P	R	E	T	E	N	D	E	R
U	■	S	■	B	■	U	■	D	■	F	■	R	■	A
P	R	E	F	E	C	T	■	I	L	L	W	I	L	L
E	■	A	■	S	■	E	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	S
■	B	U	T	T	E	R	F	I	N	G	E	R	S	■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 2277

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 The behavior of one whose opponent's hat would fit in the ring? One is rather off-hand with it! (8,6)
10 and 17 down Does their music tear your heart to pieces? (5,8)
11 A lawman might paint a picture of flim-flam showing no fluctuation. (9)
12 What beggars do starts with ten wrong and a tear might be shed in the end. (7)
13 Said by some to go with chills and spills. (7)
14 Lowered, like inside someplace to rest. (6)
15 Leave flight formation, describing some potatoes ready for the pot. (4,3)
18 After a heavenly trip, one might appreciate a good one. (7)
21 One from Pittsburgh is the confused type, on a tear, possibly. (6)
24 Referring to a kind of splice made by a nail put in badly. (7)
26 Arrive in a fit of pique? Just the opposite, though one might for a 25. (7)
27 They evidently don't do any good, and slide over the possible conclusion. (9)
28 There may be a hitch if you do, or a traffic delay. (3-2)
29 You could get spit out of it, though one could take a more oblique course. (6)
30 An affable disposition is good in Paris with one in the house here. (8)

DOWN

1 and 23 Those from Korea, according to Hirohito, being supposedly Israelites? (6,6)
2 Swede, perhaps, being far from an active type! (9)
3 Dance for those possibly approaching the boil? (7)
4 Left about a hundred in rather agitated condition. (7)
6 A goddess of love who made a good beginning at one point? (7)
7 and 25 Sounds like the reason one had to knock and move with some leverage, but it's for the best! (5,5)
8 Tells some story of the film not being put on? (5,3)
9 One might have to be with the 3 on foot, perhaps. (6)
16 Heading straight where the roof is, possibly. (2,3,4)
17 See 10 across
19 It makes Ted wild to see such a way of manipulating certain digits! (7)
20 Made the bark rather short? (6)
21 A 12-point type's thus good for the artist? (7)
22 What the loser might ask for concerning what might be lighter? (7)
23 See 1 down
25 See 7

PUZZLE BOOK

Book 5 of "*The Nation*'s Best Puzzles" is available for $5.50. Send your check or money order to: E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet, MA 02743.

ABOUT YOUR *NATION* SUBSCRIPTION

NOTE Subscription orders, changes of address, and all subscription inquiries should be sent to The Nation, Box 1953, Marion OH, 43305, or call 1-800-669-1002

Please allow us six weeks to solve a subscription problem or to change your address. These transactions are handled by our subscription service in Marion, Ohio. They operate their computers on a long-range schedule that allows for orderly processing, generating reports and producing labels for mailing the magazine.

You may get a bill or a renewal notice after you have already paid or renewed. Please disregard it. Bills and renewal notices are mailed on a monthly basis, but since the information must be pulled two weeks before the mailing, bills and payments sometimes cross in the mail.

Changing your address. When you change your address, we need the complete old and new addresses as well as a copy of your mailing label, if possible. If your new address is temporary please send to "temporary address change" and make sure to include your permanent address, and the dates of the change.

Missed copies. We publish 47 issues and send over 2.5 million copies to our subscribers each year. Occasionally copies go astray, for a variety of reasons. If you notify us of missed copies within 60 days of the issue date, we will be happy to replace them.

Mailing list. *The Nation* makes its subscription list available to carefully screened organizations whose programs or services may interest our readers. No one is allowed to use our list without our approval. If you do not wish to receive such solicitations, however, please advise us and we will delete your name from the lists we make available.

Foreign subscriptions. Copies going overseas are shipped by surface mail and may take several months to reach subscribers. Air mail is more expensive but copies will arrive usually within two weeks. Air mail rates are available on request.

The Nation hopes to give its subscribers the best possible service. We appreciate your cooperation and understanding.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Europe's New Dawn

FREE books if you subscribe to a remarkable series of the Best of world writing.

READERS INTERNATIONAL publishes some of Eastern Europe's boldest writers. Writers who have kept Central and East European literature alive in its darkest hours.

East Berlin's Monika Maron, for instance, whose novel *Flight of Ashes* was banned for exposing an ecological disaster and its press cover-up. From Prague, Ludvík Vaculík, "the night watchman of the Czech national soul" (L.A. Times); his witty *A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator* embraces Gandhi to glasnost and carries a shrewd preface by Václav Havel.

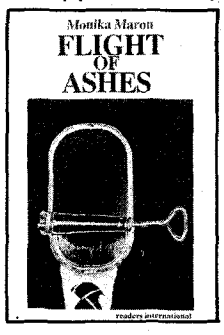
RI brings you books from today's intellectual renaissance in Eastern Europe. **Forthcoming titles** from Eastern Europe include *My Childhood at the Gate of Unrest* by Romanian exile Paul Goma, a feast of Balkan memories; and *Homage to the Eighth District,* tales of Budapest by Hungary's prize-winning Pressburger brothers.

Books build bridges, not walls. Share these gifted writers' visions of a new Europe, sustained by liberty and human dignity.

(Free books in paperback; all subscription volumes in hardcover editions.)

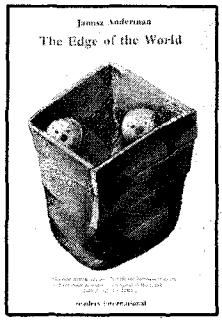
My Merry Mornings (005) by Ivan Klíma, **Prague**
'His voice is clear, intelligent and brave' *International Herald Tribune*

A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator (035) by Ludvík Vaculík, **Prague**
'Cool and sparkling' *New York Times Book Review*

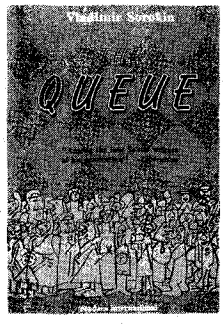


Flight of Ashes (023) by Monika Maron, **East Berlin**
'Maron writes with wit, economy and stylistic assurance' *Village Voice*

The Defector (041) by Monika Maron, **East Berlin**
'The best of her generation' *Le Monde*
'Extraordinary writing' *Publishers Weekly*



Edge of the World (050) by Janusz Anderman, **Warsaw**
'Harsh realism, yet something magical in the result' *L. A. Times*



The Queue (045) by Vladimir Sorokin, **Moscow**
'Genuine zest' *The Times* (London)
'Like Godot, but its humor is broader and nowhere so stark' *N. Y. Times Book Review*

READERS INTERNATIONAL

P. O. Box 959 Columbia LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI at the special $9.30 subscriber price, + $1.65 p&p, for each hardcover edition. I'll get RI's newest title - chosen from the Best in today's literature, the world over - every other month, at the same price. I may cancel at any time.

Name

Address Apt. no.

City State/Prov. ZIP/Postcode

☐$10.95 (Can$13.75) enclosed. My FREE book, no. ☐

☐Bill my ☐VISA or ☐MasterCard.

Card No. Expiry date

Signature

SPECIAL SAVINGS and two free books:

☐**$55 (Can$65) enclosed for an annual subscription. I get RI's six newest world titles, plus two FREE books:** ☐ ☐ (title numbers)

☐**Bill my credit card for $55 (US currency only).** TNA 31

Photo: Bill Robinson/Observer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED